

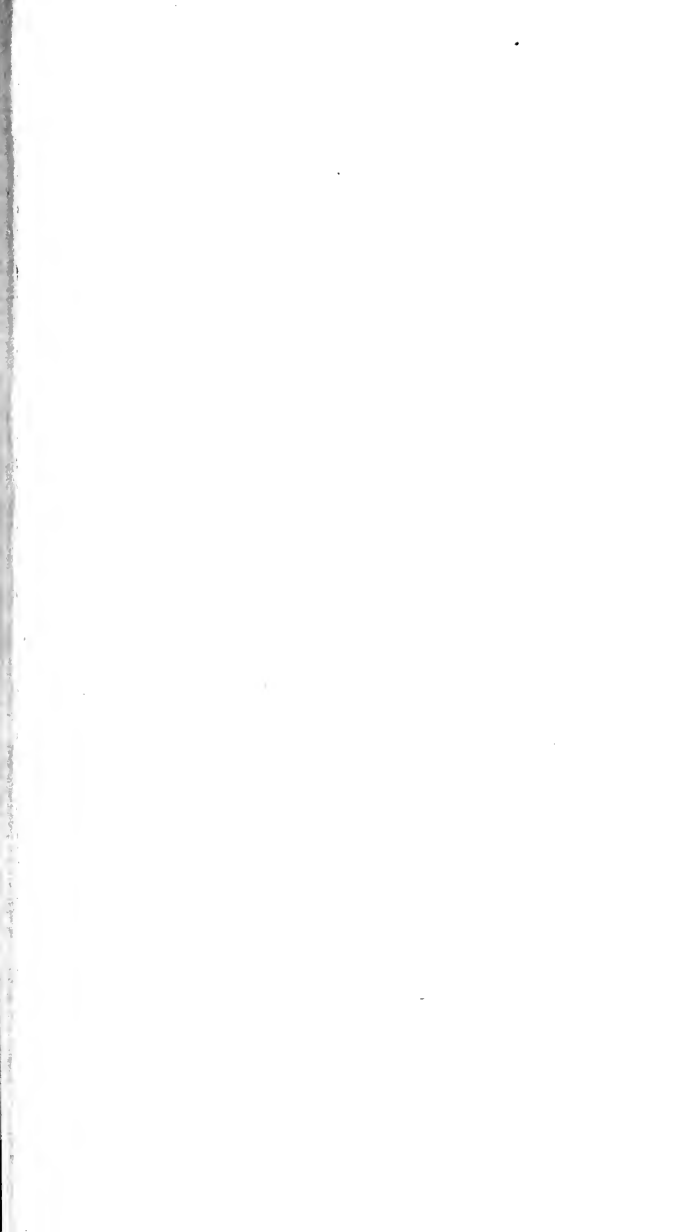
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











GUIDO,
A TALE;
SKETCHES FROM HISTORY,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

Miss Emma Catherine (Mary)
BY
IAN THE. *for*

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With forms our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.

Byron

NEW YORK.

G. & C. CARVILL.—108 BROADWAY

1828.

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SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK, ss.

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’Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With forms our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.

Byron.”

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FRED. I BETTS.

Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

R & C. S. WOOD, PRINTERS.

CONTENTS.

GUIDO: A TALE.

	PAGE.
PART I.	3
PART II.	12
PART III.	20

SKETCHES FROM HISTORY.

Jane of France	32
Scenes in the life of a Lover	40
Boscobel	51
Queen Elizabeth	60
The Lament of Columbus	66
The Shipwreck of Camoens	72
The Lament of Camoens	78
The Pool of Bethesda	81
Christ in the Tempest	85

TALES AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

L' Improvisatrice	91
The Mother	100
Clara	106

W. 1822. 19, 1822.

Edgar and Ada	111
Mina	120
The Shepherd Boy	128
The Bride	133
The Lonely One	137
The Moravian Burial Ground	144
The Mother's Farewell to her Wedded Daughter	151
To the Evening Star	154
To Fancy	158
To ———	162
Stanzas	163
William Tell on the Mountains	165
William Tell in Chains	168
Stanzas	170
A Sketch	173
To ———	177
The Dying Year	178
Stanzas	181
The Maiden to her Rejected Lover	183
Stanzas	185
Spring Breezes	188
Song of Morning	191
The Farewell	194
Life	197
The Faded Passion Flower	199

GUIDO.

A TALE.

“ Dans le bonheur d'autrui je cherche mon bonheur.”

Corneille.—Le Cid.



GUIDO.

The halls were bright, and music echoed round,
While merry feet responded to the sound,
As light as is the gentle rustling heard
When the fresh leaves by evening's breath are stirred :
Aye, beautiful were those resplendent rooms,
All light, and flowers, and delicate perfumes ;
While many a brilliant form swept gaily by,
With lofty step, and proudly flashing eye ;
And many a knight, stern on the battle field,
Taught by sweet woman's witchery to yield,
Was bowed to her capricious smile ; and now
'Twas pleasant to behold the warrior brow
Bending before some gentle girl, as fair
And delicate as a thing all light or air.

Apart from the gay throng, a pale youth stood,
As, though mid thousands, still in solitude,
Holding a simple lyre : not his the form
That ladies love to look on and to charm :
Small, slender, boyish was his figure ; pale
His sunken cheek that told a mournful tale
Of early suffering ; though his eye was proud,
And bright as flashes from the thunder cloud ;
His thin and flexile lips seemed meant to pour
The wealth of song, but not the honied store
Of youthful love ; and though his raven hair
Fell on a lofty brow, yet early care
Had left its foot-prints on it.—What doth he
Amid that joyous scene of revelry ?

He was the castle's lord, and he in truth
Had tasted sorrow ; on his early youth
No parents kindly smiled ; their pride, their joy
Was centred in their younger, fairer boy.

The mother gazed upon the charms that dwelt
In Julio's noble face, until she felt
Her soul, almost with loathing, turn away
From Guido's pale and shrunken form ;—each day
Guido more keenly felt this ; his stern sire
Loved the proud boy who stood with eye of fire
To hear the tale of battles fierce and wild,
But turned in scorn upon his feeblér child—
“What comest thou too ? no, boy, thy woman's hand
Was never meant to grasp the blood stained brand ;
Julio's high heart is vowed to chivalry,
But nursery legends are more fit for thee.”
He little knew the being he despised—
Guido had not the gifts by warriors prized ;
But genius o'er his soul had poured its light :
His was the poet's wreath, and oh, how bright
It shone o'er wasted feeling's hopeless night !
Dearly the brothers loved each other—birth
Placed Guido first ; but all men hold of worth.

All that they deem the richest goods of heaven,
Love, beauty, honour were to Julio given ;
While all the hapless elder-born could claim
Beyond his birthright, was a minstrel's fame.
Yet did they cling together—nought could speak
To Julio's heart like Guido's kindling cheek ;
And praise might fall upon his ear in vain,
If that loved voice re-echoed not the strain ;
While Guido felt as if not quite bereft
Of all life's joys, since Julio yet was left.

That sire was dead—that brother far away,
And Guido now must celebrate the day
When first he claimed his birthright, but how sad
Was his young heart while all around was glad !
He felt that to his noble name he owed
The homage of the gay and thoughtless crowd.
He knew that, had he been the younger born,
He had been deemed a thing that men might scorn :

And, now he stood apart from all, a smile
Of cold contempt curled his pale lip the while
That they, who bowed the castle's lord to greet,
Should think him duped by such scarce-veiled deceit.
But these unkindly feelings were not made
To dwell with poesy: his fingers strayed
Across his harp strings, then, to still the throng
Of wayward thoughts, he calmed them thus with song:

Nay, tell me not of woman's charms—

Why should I heed though she be fair;

Bid me not mark those brilliant forms

With step as light as summer air—

I dare not heed their witchery,

Since beauty was not meant for me.

I gaze upon the lofty brow;

But changeless is its snowy hue—

I view the cheek where roses glow;

The lip where love sips honey dew;

But lip, cheek, brow in vain I see,
Since beauty was not meant for me.

Yet I have dreamed of one whose cheek
Upon my bosom might find rest ;
Whose eye in love's sweet glance might speak,
Whose lip might to mine own be prest ;
But vain must all such visions be,
Since beauty was not meant for me.

As one might gaze on some bright star
Lighting yon deep blue heaven above,
So I may worship from afar,
But never dare to hope or love—
Love's star is bright—alas for me !
It shines not o'er my destiny.

The song had ceased ; but still the minstrel seemed
Gazing on visions he too oft had dreamed ;

Till the low tones of woman's voice awoke
New thoughts, new dreams ; for of himself she spoke :
"And is he always thus—so sad and pale ?
Surely that brow reveals a mournful tale."
He started—turned—oh ! years might not erase
The memory of that young and lovely face.
Her eye met his full gaze—a deep blush shone
O'er her fair cheek and brow—then—she was gone.—
But those sweet words of kind and gentle feeling,
The look, that beamed on him so bright, revealing
All woman's pitying tenderness, now fell
On Guido's soul like some bewitching spell
Bidding his wayward phantasies depart,
And chasing all the demon from his heart.

Where is he now ?—his simple lyre thrown by,
With joyous smile the bard is seated nigh
That graceful girl—e'en had she not been fair
Guido had found some trace of beauty there ;

For he recalled the look, the low-breathed word
That with such new born bliss his feelings stirred ;
But she *was* beautiful—'twas not the glow
Of simple beauty decked her cheek and brow ;
For on her lofty forehead, mind had made
Its visible temple ; her thick tresses strayed
Down on her neck, as if they feared to rest
On that proud brow, but loved her gentler breast ;
Her eye was dark as midnight, yet as bright
As if no tear had ever dimmed its light ;
Lovely as love's first dream were her sweet lips ;
Sweet as the honey that the wild bee sips
On famed Hymettus ; the pale, pearl-like hue
Of her soft cheek was fair as if it drew
Its tint from purity ; the oval face
So like some sculptured statue's classic grace ;
The nobly-arching brow ; the veined lid,
'Neath which the full dark eye was scarcely hid ;
The short, curved upper lip—aye, Guido dwelt
On all these charms, until his spirit felt

As though it looked on some bright deity ;
But oh ! what passing joy was his, when she
Looked kindly on him, and, with gentle wile,
Sought to win back to his pale lip the smile !

The crowd have passed away, and, mid the sighs
Of dying odours, Guido lonely lies
Wrapt in fair dreams of beauty ; but each thought
With the remembrance of one face is fraught :
He oft had fancied, but to night he feels
How much of sweetness woman's look reveals.

PART II.

Alas ! alas for me ! I cannot sing
Of happiness or joy's imagining ;
I touch my wild and mournful lyre in vain,
It but returns the murmurings of pain ;
Or if perchance I strike the chord of love,
It breathes the plaintive moanings of the dove
Who wails in loneliness her long lost mate ;
I sing of love—but love left desolate !—

Time passed away—how rapidly time fleets,
When every hour is redolent of sweets !
'Tis vain to trace the progress of love's power—
What eye can mark the springing of a flower ?

All those impassioned feelings that so long
Were sealed in Guido's heart—the countless throng
Of early hopes and fancies—all were poured
Upon one altar :—oh, how rich the hoard
Of treasured love in such a heart must be !
And must its sole reward be misery ?
'Tis vain to trace the progress of love's power—
Love was not here the plaything of an hour :
They walked together, and the lovely face
Of nature wore for Guido richer grace ;
And e'en the breath of Heaven more perfume cast,
When o'er Floranthe's cheek and lip it past ;
They read together, and new beauties shone
Upon the poet's page, till then unknown :
Ah, woman's eyes may charm, but there is nought
That with such peril to man's heart is fraught,
As when he breathes the poet's thoughts that burn
With passionate energy, and those eyes turn
With pleasure on him ; or when both are stirred
With simultaneous feeling ; though no word

Is uttered, yet the meeting look, the smile,
Betray how they have felt alike the while ;
Or when, with gentle care, he leads her mind
To loftier energies and thought refined,
And she is blushing, half with shame to know
She needs such knowledge, half with joy, to owe
Its wealth to him :—aye, Guido knew too well
How strongly this may aid love's powerful spell :
Within his breast self-love too had its part
(Ever an active spirit in man's heart) :
He oft had known the voice of praise, but ne'er
Till now, had heard its tones from lips so dear ;
His song had called forth tears in those bright eyes,
And could the minstrel ask a richer prize ?

And yet Floranthe loved him not—the pride
Of womanhood had taught her how to hide
Her struggling feelings ; but she well had known
Those sorrows so peculiarly love's own.

So young, and proud, and beautiful, and born
To princely honours—could there be a thorn
Amid these flowers of life ?—the heart replies :
There dwells no balm in earthly vanities
To soothe a wounded spirit ; and the sway
Of the wide universe can ne'er repay
One who beholds love's early hopes decay.
She was a high souled woman : her proud race
Had ever won Ambition's loftiest place :
What marvel then that, from her childhood, she
Should dwell on the wild tales of chivalry ?
She loved to roam alone through the rich halls,
Where pictured shades of heroes decked the walls,
Until a dream was formed within her heart,
Which no cold light of truth could bid depart ;
A visioned form too beautiful to fade,
Within her breast its dwelling place had made ;
And e'en when lofty ones before her bowed,
She gladly turned from the adoring crowd

To meet her spirit-love.—There was one name
She oft had heard breathed by the voice of fame ;
And half unconsciously her visions bright
Were linked with fancies of that wondrous knight.
At length a tournament was held, and fair
Was the array of youth and beauty there.
Queen of the festival Floranthe shone,
The palm of peerless beauty hers alone ;
And oh ! what feelings then her bosom swelled.
When first that youthful hero she beheld !
And oh, how richly did her young cheek glow,
When first she placed upon his bending brow
The laurel crown !—The idol of her dreams,
Bright with the light of glory's sunny beams,
Now stood before her, and she felt how faint
Were fancy's tints a form like his to paint.
From that hour she was changed—the holy flame
Which long was fostered by the breath of fame,
Now, like the vestal's sacred fire, had won
A purer radiance from its parent sun :

That knight was Julio : hence it was that she
With pity looked on Guido's misery.
He was the brother of her love, and though
Nature had traced no beauty on his brow,
His voice, so like to Julio's, her heart stirred,
Like music o'er the moon-lit waters heard ;
And in his eyes she saw the same sweet light
That oft in Julio's glances shone so bright.

Why does my song thus linger ?—the dark day
Of strife was gone, and peace resumed her sway.
E'en as the prophet's wand could once unlock
The hidden waters of the riftless rock,
So thou, sweet Peace, from iron hearts can bring
Th' unwonted freshness of affection's spring ;
Till spurns the haughty chief his plumed crest,
And clasps his smiling infant to his breast,
While the proud soldier turns from scenes of war,
Rejoiced to worship beauty's gentler star.

And mid the mailed warriors Julio came,
His brow encircled with its wreaths of fame.
No more alone with Guido now were past
Floranthe's happiest hours ; for Love had cast
His spell around them, and beneath his wing
Hope dared unfold her fragile blossoming ;
For well could she, in Julio's eye, discern
(Ah, when was woman slow such tales to learn ?)
The growing tenderness within his breast,
The love that made her all too wildly blest.
But where was Guido ? did not he too see
Within those tell-tale eyes Love's mastery ?—
One night there was a festival, and all
Of brave and lovely decked the joyous hall ;
Guido beheld Floranthe's gentle hand
Meet Julio's in the graceful saraband ;
Yet this was nothing ; but when the light dance
Was ended, and he saw the thrilling glance
Exchanged between them, and her slender form
So tenderly upheld by Julio's arm,

While she repaid him with a timid look
Of soft confiding love, he could not brook
Longer to gaze upon that blasting sight ;
Quickly he turned away—a mirror bright
Met his full gaze—reflected there his own
Pale, sunken cheek and wasted figure shone.
Then on his heart, like lightning flashes, came
The truth that woke despair's undying flame.—
Oh ! there are moments when the heart lives o'er
Ages of sorrow, when the eyes can pour
No gentle flood to ease the throbbing head ;—
But as if one among the mouldering dead
Should start to life, and vainly strive to burst
His prison-house, so that sad being, curst
With such o'erwhelming grief, in vain would find
A refuge from the horrors of the mind.

PART III.

It was a lovely summer eve, the bay
As calmly as a slumbering infant lay ;
Floranthe sate within her lonely bower,
Her heart filled with strange feelings, the calm hour
To her brought no tranquillity—the bright
And glowing west, the clouds of rosy light
She gazed upon, but saw not, and she heard
Not e'en a sound, altho' the mild breeze stirred
And made sweet music in the leaves—her ear
Was all unheeding, but there was one near
Who long had gazed on her—the breeze had fanned
The clustering ringlets from her cheek ; her hand
As delicate as a wreath of new fallen snow,
Was pressed against her wildly throbbing brow,

And, but that on her cheek there dwelt a flush
Like young Aurora's rosy-tinted blush,
And, but for her bright lip, she might have seemed
A changeless statue ; but she little deemed
He whom she loved to think on was so nigh—
Julio stood long and gazed on her, a sigh
Burst from her heaving bosom, and that eye,
Whose varying glance seemed meant but to express
The joy of love, the pride of loveliness,
Was clouded by sad tears—a moment more
And Julio with bright cheek was bending o'er
The trembling girl—but why should I repeat
Love's follies?—words as gentle and as sweet
As the soft welling of the distant waves
Of ocean o'er his deep and hollow caves ;
Or summer breeze that sweeps the trembling strings
Of the Eolian harp—sweet as when sings
Some rose-lipped cherub in the starry sky :
And oh ! how quickly can Love's thrilling sigh

Win all it seeks : when Julio vowed he ne'er
Would brook the lonely weight of life, a tear
Stood in her eye, he felt she was his own,
For she had paused to hear him, and the tone
Of her low voice grew fainter—they are gone.

That hour of deep, impassioned feeling past,
They sate within the hall, the moonbeam cast
A dim, sweet light through the thick orange trees
That filled the casement ; and the evening breeze
Was faint with their rich perfume. With a smile
That once could Guido's every grief beguile,
Floranthe bade him wake, in cheerful song,
Strains that to love and happiness belong :

'Tis all in vain—I cannot sing
The joys that happy Love may bring ;
I cannot win mirth's blooming wreath
Its fragrance o'er my lyre to breathe.

They say that in bright summer bowers
All redolent of buds and flowers
Young Love is dwelling ; o'er his head
The calmest, bluest skies are spread,
And flowrets spring beneath his feet,
As though to die by him were sweet ;
That some with rapturous feeling, gaze
Upon his brow's unclouded blaze,
While others prize the gentler grace
That glows around his half-veiled face,
And all are happy—is it so ?
Does Love ne'er see a shade of woe ?
Ask not the smiling lip to tell
The joys in Love's sweet home that dwell—
Go ask the cheek where paleness sits
If no cloud o'er that blue sky flits ;
If o'er those bowers so green and bright
Grief's chilling breath ne'er throws a blight :
If hope's young buds ne'er fade away
Beneath the touch of slow decay,—

But pride may dye the faded cheek
With hues that seem of joy to speak ;
And bright the eye may still appear,
Though all its lustre be a tear.
Then wonder not that my sad lyre
Breathes not of fancy's thrilling fire :
The man who ne'er beheld the sun
Save when dark mists its face had shrouded,
Could never paint flowers shone upon
By summer skies and light unclouded.
Thus I must shun each brighter theme,
And still of wasted feeling dream ;
Still tales of blighted love impart,
Because—I read them in my heart.

Floranthe little knew the thoughts that stirred
In Guido's breast ; she knew not he had heard
Their plighted vows, her tender tones, when she
Confessed the love long cherished hopelessly.

Aye Guido felt her falsehood had been bliss
To the wild thought she never had been his—
Is it not ever thus?—oh, who could brook
The knowledge that each gentle word, each look
Which hope had fancied filled with tenderness,
Was only meant cold pity to express?
Oh surely it is far less grief to see
Upon the altered brow inconstancy,
Than still to view the loved eye's chilling beam,
Like sun rays glittering o'er a frozen stream.
Guido had seen his dearest hopes depart;
And now one high resolve filled his lone heart,
He knew her sire would ne'er bestow her hand
On one whose wealth was but his battle-brand;
Inly he vowed that not by him should she
Be doomed to long and hopeless misery:
The star of life had set—why should he care
For honours that Floranthe could not share?
On the next morning Julio sought to bear
His joyful tale to his loved Guido's ear,

But vainly did he seek—the orange bower,
The lonely grotto and the ruined tower,
All his loved haunts, were silent now and lone ;
His harpstrings too were broken, as if none
Might wake its gentle voice now he was gone.
They sought the chamber of his nightly rest,
It was untenanted, his couch unprest ;
But on his ivory tablets he had traced
Words that a burning tear had half effaced :
“ He loathed the false deceptive world, and now
A cowl must hide his early furrowed brow ;
And to the brother of his heart he gave
A name proud as Ambition’s self could crave,
While for himself he sought an early grave.”

Oh ! there is never need of words to tell
To woman’s heart that she is loved too well—
The glance, the sigh in ill-dissembled hour
Quickly betray the fulness of her power.

Haply Floranthe would not then unfold
Her every thought, while memory unrolled
Its darkened record, and her heart hung o'er
Each gentle look and tone unmarked before ;
And haply too, in after years, when prest
To her adoring husband's manly breast,
Floranthe felt she had not been thus blest
But for the self-devoted love which gave
Itself to be stern sorrow's veriest slave.



SKETCHES

FROM

HISTORY.

JANE OF FRANCE.

“ Jeanne de France étoit fille de Louis XI. et soeur de Charles VIII. On la maria à l'âge de vingt deux ans avec Louis XII., l'an 1476. Elle en usa bien avec lui pendant qu' il étoit disgracié ; et ce fut elle qui, par ses prières, le fit sortir de prison, l'an 1491 ; mais cela ne fut point capable de balancer dans le coeur de son mari l'inclination violente qu' il avoit pour la veuve de Charles VIII. C'étoit Anne de Bretagne , il l'avoit aimée, et en avoit été aimé avant qu' elle epousât Charles. Afin donc de contenter son envie, *il fit rompre son mariage*, et il promit tant de récompense au Pape Alexandre VI. qu' il en obtint tout ce qu' il voulut.”

Bayle—Dictionnaire.

JANE OF FRANCE.

Pale, cold and statue-like she sate, and her impeded
breath

Came gaspingly, as if her heart was in the grasp of
death,

While listening to the harsh decree that robbed her
of a throne,

And left the gentle child of kings in the wide world
alone.

And fearful was her look ; in vain her trembling maid-
ens moved,

With all affection's tender care, round her whom well
they loved ;

Stirless she sate, as if enchained by some resistless
spell,

Till with one wild, heart-piercing shriek in their em-
brace she fell.

How bitter was the hour she woke from that long
dreamless trance ;

The veriest wretch might pity then the envied Jane
of France ;

But soon her o'erfraught heart gave way, tears came
to her relief,

And thus in low and plaintive tones, she breathed her
hopeless grief:

“Oh! ever have I dreaded this, since at the holy
shrine

My trembling hand first felt the cold, reluctant clasp
of thine ;

And yet I hoped—My own beloved, how may I teach
my heart

To gaze upon thy gentle face and know that we must
part ?

“Too well I knew thou lovedst me not, but ah! I
fondly thought
That years of such deep love as mine some change
ere this had wrought :
I dreamed the hour might yet arrive when, sick of
passion’s strife,
Thy heart would turn with quiet joy to thy neglected
wife.

“Vain, foolish hope ! how could I look upon thy glo-
rious form,
And think that e’er the time might come when thou
wouldst cease to charm ?
For ne’er till then wilt thou be freed from beauty’s
magic art,
Or cease to prize a sunny smile beyond a faithful
heart.

“In vain from memory’s darkened scroll would other
thoughts erase

The loathing that was in thine eye, whene’er it met
my face :

Oh ! I would give the fairest realm, beneath the all-
seeing sun,

To win but such a form as thou mightst love to look
upon.

“Woe, woe for woman’s weary lot if beauty be not
hers ;

Vainly within her gentle breast affection wildly stirs ;
And bitterly will she deplore, amid her sick heart’s
dearth,

The hour that fixed her fearful doom—a helot from
her birth.

“I would thou hadst been cold and stern,—the pride
of my high race

Had taught me then from my young heart thine image
to efface ;

But surely even love’s sweet tones could ne’er have
power to bless

My bosom with such joy as did thy pitying tender-
ness.

“Alas ! it is a heavy task to curb the haughty soul
And bid th’ unbending spirit bow that never knew
control ;

But harder still when thus the heart against itself must
rise,

And struggle on, while every hope that nerved the
warfare dies.

“ Yet all this have I borne for thee—aye, for thy sake

I learned

The gentleness of thought and word which once my
proud heart spurned ;

The treasures of an untouched heart, the wealth of
love’s rich mine,

These are the offerings that I laid upon my idol’s
shrine.

“ In vain I breathed my vows to heaven, ’twas mock-
ery of prayer ;

In vain I knelt before the cross, I saw but Louis
there :

To him I gave the worship that I should have paid
my God,

But oh ! should his have been the hand to wield the
avenging rod ?

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A LOVER.

Anne Boleyn, when maid of honour to Queen Catharine, was betrothed to Henry Percy, afterwards Earl of Northumberland, but at that time a page in the household of Cardinal Wolsey. The king, discovering their attachment by means of some gem, a love-gift from Percy to Anne, ordered him to be removed from court. The young lover, after beholding the object of his affection elevated to the highest station in the realm, was finally compelled, as one of the peers of England, to preside at her trial and condemnation.

See Miss Benger's Memoirs of Anne Boleyn.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A LOVER.



SCENE I.

Within a green and flower-decked glade they stood ;
The harvest moon was shedding a rich flood
Of light around them, and revealed to view
The youth's bright glance, the deep and burning hue
That flushed the maiden's cheek ; her lover's arm
Was fondly clasped around her graceful form :
But half aside she turned ; she could not brook
The passionate fondness of his earnest look ;
And proudly did his o'er-fraught bosom swell
As there, to hide her blushing face, she fell.
Upon her brow he pressed one burning kiss,
And then in all the speechlessness of bliss

Stood gazing on her, till low murmurs broke
From her sweet lips, and his heart's pulses woke :
“Now am I thine, beloved one ; doubt me not
Amid the splendors of my courtly lot ;
For dearer far to me this little gem
Than e'er could be a queenly diadem ;
And when no more my bosom it shall grace—
The sweet remembrance of this fond embrace—
Then deem me faithless, Henry, and despise
The heart that only lives beneath thine eyes.”
Then to her rosy lips the maiden prest
The gem with which his hand had decked her breast :
“Now fare thee well, beloved one, I must go
Once more to mingle in the heartless show
That fills yon haughty castle—one last kiss—
And shouldst thou doubt me, Henry, think on this.”
She glided from his arms ; her flying feet
Scarce from the violet pressed its fragrance sweet ;
He was alone, and thus to music's spell
He joined the murmurs of his low farewell :

Farewell to thee, dear,
 When I meet thee again,
Light hearts will be round us
 And pageantries vain ;
But well do I know,
 In life's sunniest hours,
Thou'lt think of our meeting
 'Mid moonlight and flowers.

Farewell to thee, dear one,
 And oh ! in thy dreams
When fancy sheds o'er thee
 Her loveliest beams,
Then think that thou rovest
 Through Percy's fair bowers,
And remember our meeting
 'Mid moonlight and flowers.

SCENE II.

Hark ! hark to the tumult ! the trumpets and drums
Are waking wild mirth as the pageantry comes ;
'Mid knights and fair dames, see the king proudly ride,
While near him is borne in her glory his bride ;
And never could England's proud diadem gleam
On a brow where more beauty and majesty beam.

There's a flush on her cheek like the deep crimson
glow

That sunset sheds over the pure Alpine snow ;
And her eye sheds a brightness more glorious by far
Than the splendor that beams from Heaven's loveliest
star ;

There is joy in her heart, but does happiness speak
In the wildly bright eye, and the fever-flushed cheek ?

'Tis she—'tis the maiden ! but where now is gone
The gem that so long on her bosom had shone ?
Though diamonds are sparkling and pearls rich and
rare,

Yet the earliest offering of love is not there,
And the king at her side is not he on whose breast,
In that still hour of bliss, her sweet face had found rest.

Look, look to the queen ! o'er her features are spread
A hue like the paleness that dwells with the dead ;
Her wandering glance, as if urged by a spell,
Turned full on the form she had loved but too well :
And how did her heart with wild agony beat,
As she thought of those hours still in memory too
sweet !

Oh ! sadly he looked on her robes rich and gay ;
He had seen that form fairer in simple array ;
And shuddering he gazed on her jewelled tiar
Less bright than her eye, once his loveliest star ;

And his proud heart swelled high as he thought of
past hours,

And remembered their meeting 'mid moonlight and
flowers.

But vain such remembrance ; a tyrant's fierce love
Had broken the bonds young affection had wove.

The youth to another in sorrow is wed ;

In glory the maid as a queen is now led ;

And soon as a subject he humbly must bow

To her on whose lips he had breathed his love-vow.

SCENE III.

With black the stately hall was hung ; a cloud was on
each brow

That gathered round the council board in solemn
silence now ;

And pain and anxious doubt within each noble's bosom
stirred,

For well they knew that life and death, now hung
upon their word.

With snow-white robes and veiled brow, a female form
drew nigh ;

With calm and stately air she stepped, while fixed
was every eye ;

And 'mid the dark, stern visaged guards around her,
she might seem

The being of a higher sphere, the creature of a
dream.

Now like a criminal she stood, while plainly she could
trace

The fearful workings of his soul upon each noble's
face ;

Yet was she calm, with queenly grace her veil aside
was thrown—

Unhappy Percy ! from thy lips burst that convulsive
groan ?

Well might his breast with anguish thrill ! few years
had passed away

Since that fair form within his arms in love's deep
fondness lay ;

Since then she moved the stately queen—now the
disloyal wife,

For her deep treachery and wrong, must answer with
her life.

Yet she was innocent—oh ! none could gaze upon her
eye

And deem that sin's dark stain within her bosom's
depths could lie ;

But who might dare assert her truth, when wearied
with her charms,

The tyrant had decreed that she should sleep in
death's cold arms ?

Now placed 'mid England's haughty peers, must Per-
cy seal the doom

That gave the creature of his love to fill a bloody
tomb ;

Too soon the fatal deed was done—though pure as un-
sunned snow,

Yet must the fearful hand of death stamp guilt upon
her brow.

He heard no more ; but wildly from the judgment hall

he rushed,

Too strong the tenderness within his anguished spirit

gushed ;

Till worn by such resistless pangs, o'ermastered by

the spell

Of demon thought, upon the earth in senselessness he

fell.

Stately and calm the queen had sate, but when she

heard his cry,

From her quick heaving bosom burst the half-convul-

sive sigh.

One pleading look to Heaven she cast, then spoke in

murmured tone :

“Slight is the bitterness of death when spotless fame

is gone.”

Thus did she die—the young, the fair, the good, compelled to bow,

Her graceful, swan-like neck beneath the headsman's heavy blow ;

Her shining locks were dabbled in the blood that flowed like rain ;

But o'er the whiteness of her soul e'en blood could leave no stain.

BOSCOBEL.

“ By the Earl of Derby’s directions, Charles went to Boscobel, a lone house, on the borders of Staffordshire, inhabited by one Penderell, a farmer. To this man Charles entrusted himself. Penderell took the assistance of his four brothers, equally honourable with himself; and having clothed the king in a garb like their own, they led him into a neighbouring wood, put a bill into his hand, and pretended to employ themselves in cutting faggots. For a better concealment, he mounted upon an oak, where he sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. He saw several soldiers pass by. All of them were intent in search of the king; and some expressed in his hearing, their earnest wishes of seizing him.”

Hume’s History of England.

B O S C O B E L .

'Twas sunset, and the forest trees
Glowed 'neath the golden sky,
While evening's soft and dew-fraught breeze
Awoke its gentle sigh.

Slowly the toil-worn woodman came ;
His glance was high and proud ;
Though 'neath the faggot's painful weight
His drooping form was bowed.

At length in weariness he cast
His burden to the earth ;
And never such a look could beam
From one of lowly birth.

The peasant's summer toil seemed traced
Upon his swarthy cheek ;
But not more native pride than his
A kingly eye could speak.

Aye, majesty upon his brow
Its signet had imprest ;
And lofty was the heart that heaved
Beneath the woodman's vest ;

For he was one of royal race,
His heritage a throne ;
What doth he in the pathless wood,
Thus peasant-clad and lone ?

Beside the silver brook he threw
His wearied limbs and sighed :
“ Alas ! must this then be the end
Of Stuart's kingly pride ?

“Woe for the glorious hopes that once

My lofty heart could fill !—

The hand that grasped the warrior’s sword,

Now bears the woodman’s bill ;

“The neck that never bent before,

Now bows itself to wear

A burden that, in better days,

My slaves had scorned to bear.

“Better, far better ’twere to die

Beneath the assassin’s knife,

Than thus drag on ’mid toil and care,

A painful load of life.”

Hark to the sound of crashing boughs !

A stranger’s step is heard !

Again the love of life within

The prince’s bosom stirred.

With lithe and active limb he climbed
An oak's majestic height ;
And, sheltered 'mid its clustering leaves,
Looked on a fearful sight.

A band of fierce-eyed men were there ;
Their swords were stained with blood ;
And they bent to lave their burning brows
Within the chrystal flood.

Then rose the ribald jest, the laugh,
The tale of daily guilt ;
And demon-like, the exulting boast
Of blood their hands had spilt.

But still they sought one victim more—
The Prince ! the Prince ! for him
With frantic haste they hurry through
The forest-shadows dim.

He heard their cries of baffled rage ;

He saw their eyes' fierce glare ;

He knew that he was hunted like

A wild beast in his lair.

Then all death's bitterness was his ;

And down his swart cheek rolled

Big drops of agony that well

His soul's dread conflict told.—

* * * * *

Night dew's upon the green sward shed

Full many a precious gem,

And on the midnight skies was seen

Heaven's glorious diadem.

Stillness was on the peaceful earth,

And beauty filled the grove,

While nature seemed too fair for aught

Save gentleness and love.

A hallowed sound that stillness broke ;
For, lowly kneeling there,
To pitying Heaven the rescued prince
Poured his unwonted prayer.

And oh ! in after years, when placed
On England's glorious throne,
The wealth and power of regal state
Around him richly shone,

When pleasure o'er his fancy wove
Her bright and powerful spell,
Did not the monarch's proud heart bless
The shades of Boscobel ?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Sir James Melvil tells us that this princess, the evening of his arrival in London, had given a ball to her court at Greenwich, and was displaying all that spirit and alacrity which usually attended her on these occasions : but when news arrived of the prince of Scotland's birth, all her joy was damped : She sunk into melancholy ; she reclined her head upon her arm ; and complained to some of her attendants, that the queen of Scots was mother of a fair son, while she herself was but a barren stock.'

Hume's History of England.

NOTE.—A slight, perhaps not unpardonable, liberty has been taken with historical fact. The Queen is supposed to be at her toilette, preparing for the ball.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Coldly she sate, while graceful hands her stately form
arrayed

In silken robes, and wreathed her hair in many a
jewelled braid ;

But all a woman's vanity was in the vivid glow
That flattery's magic tones awoke upon her cheek
and brow.

Beside her hung the pictured form of Scotland's
matchless queen—

Oh ! language would need rainbow hues to paint that
glorious mien,

That face which bore the high impress of majesty,
and yet

Where Love, as if to win all hearts, his fairest seal
had set.

And bitter was the scorn that filled Elizabeth's proud
eye,

As turning from her mirrored self, she saw her rival
nigh ;

But transient was the cloud, and soon she bent with
smiles to greet

The graceful little page who now was kneeling at her
feet :

“ Letters from Scotland”—eagerly she grasped the
the proffered scroll

Which sharper than a Scorpion's sting could pierce
her haughty soul ;

And timidly her maidens shrunk ; for quickly could
they trace

Fierce passion in the darkening hue that gathered o'er
her face.

The white foam stood upon her lip, and wildly beat
her heart,

Till its convulsive throbbings rent her 'broidered zone
apart—

“ Away !” she cried—awe-struck they stood to hear
that anguished tone,—

“ Away !”—like frightened fawns they fled, and she was
left alone.

Oh ! fiercer than the angry burst of ocean's tameless
wave

Is woman's soul, when thus unchecked its maddening
passions rave ;

But soon the storm was spent, and then like raindrops
fell her tears,

While thus the heart-struck queen bewailed her lone
and blighted years :

“ All, all but this I could have borne—methought that
queenly pride

Had checked within my woman's breast affection's
swelling tide ;

But vainly has my spirit sought 'mid glory to forget
The youthful dreams whose faded light gleams o'er
my fancy yet.

And *she* has realized those dreams—aye, she whose
gentle brow,

In all its graceful loveliness, is turned upon me now—
Mary of Scotland ! gladly would my lofty heart resign
The pomps and vanities of power, to win such joy as
thine.

Oh ! dearer far than halls of state the humble cottage
hearth,

Where childhood's joyous tones awake in all their
reckless mirth ;

And happier far the meanest churl than she, within
whose breast,

Affection's soft and pleading voice by pride must be
represt.

A mother's joy ! a mother's pride !—oh ! what is regal
power

To the sweet feelings that are born in such a blissful
hour ?

Now well art thou avenged, fair queen, of all my
jealous hate ;

For thou hast clasped a princely son and I—am
desolate !”

THE LAMENT OF COLUMBUS.

“ Until now I have wept for others ; have pity upon me Heaven, and weep for me earth ! In my temporal concerns, without a farthing to give in offering ; in spiritual concerns, cast away here in the Indies ; isolated in my misery, infirm, expecting each day will be my last ; surrounded by cruel savages, separated from the holy sacraments of the church, so that my soul will be lost if separated here from my body ! Weep for me whoever has charity, truth, and justice. I came not on this voyage to gain honour or estate ; for all hope of that kind is dead within me. I came to serve your majesties with a sound intention and an honest zeal, and I speak no falsehood.”

Extract of a Letter from Columbus.

“ He looked upon himself as standing in the hand of Heaven, chosen from among men for the accomplishment of its high purpose. He read, as he supposed, his contemplated discovery foretold in holy writ, and shadowed forth darkly in the mystic revelations of the prophets. The ends of the earth were to be brought together, and all nations and tongues and languages united under the banners of the Redeemer.

Irving's Life of Columbus.

THE LAMENT OF COLUMBUS.

 there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being * * * * *
* * * * *
And but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him that bears, to all who ever bore.

Childe Harold.

Not mine the dreams,
The vague chimeras of an earth-stained soul,
O'er which the mists of error darkly roll ;
For Heaven-sent beams
Have chased the gloom that round my soul was flung,
And pierced the clouds that o'er creation's mysteries
hung.

From my youth up
For this high purpose was I set apart—
An unbreathed thought, it lived within my heart ;
And though life's cup
Was filled with all earth's agonies, I quaffed
Unmurmuring, for that hope could sweeten any draught.

There were who jeered,
And laughed to scorn my visionary scheme ;
They thought yon glorious sun's resplendent beam
So brightly cheered
And vivified alone the spot of earth
Where they, like worms, had lived and grovelled from
their birth.

But, called by God,
From home and friends my willing steps I turned ;
Led by the light that in my spirit burned,
Strange lands I trod ;
And lo ! new worlds uncurtained by my hand
Before th' admiring East in pristine beauty stand.

And what was given
To recompense the many nameless toils
That won my king a new found empire's spoils ?

The smile of Heaven
Blessed him who sought amid those Eden plains
To plant the holy cross ; but man's reward was chains.

Forgot by all,
Amid a land of savages, I wait
From cruel hostile hands my coming fate ;
Or else to fall
Beneath the grief that weighs upon my heart
While unaneled, unblessed, my spirit must depart.

How have I wept
In pity for my followers, when afar
O'er the wide sea with scarce a guiding star
Our course we kept ;
But night winds only o'er *my* grave shall sigh ;
For, bowed with cruel wrongs, on stranger shores, I die.

No selfish hope
Of fame or honour led me here again
To tread this weary pilgrimage of pain—
He who must cope
With treachery and wrong, until the flame
Of pure ambition dies, has nought to do with fame.

To serve my king
I came, with zeal unkindness could not chill ;
To glorify my God whose holy will
Taught me to fling
The veil of error from before my eyes,
And teach mankind his power as shown 'neath other
skies.

Weep for me, earth !
Thou whose bright wonders I have oft explored,
Weep for me Heaven ! to whose proud heights has soared,
E'en from its birth,
My strong-winged spirit in its might alone ;
Lo ! he who gave new worlds now dies unwept, unknown

THE SHIPWRECK OF CAMOENS.



“On his return from banishment, Camoens was shipwrecked at the mouth of the river Gambia. He saved himself by clinging to a plank, and of all his little property succeeded only in saving his poem of the *Lusiad*, deluged with the waves as he brought it in his hand to shore.”

Sismondi.

NOTE.—He is described with his sword in his hand upon the authority of his own words :—

“N’huma maõ livros, n’outra, ferro et aço,

N’huma maõ sempre a espada, n’outra a pena.”

THE SHIPWRECK OF CAMOENS.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him.—

Tempest.

Clouds gathered o'er the dark blue sky,
The sun waxed dim and pale,
And the music of the waves was changed
To the plaintive voice of wail ;
And fearfully the light'ning flashed
Around the ship's tall mast,
While mournfully through the creaking shrouds
Came the sighing of the blast.

With pallid cheek the seamen shrank
Before the deepening gloom ;
For they gazed on the black and boiling sea
As 'twere a yawning tomb ;
But on the vessel's deck stood one
With proud and changeless brow ;
Nor pain, nor terror was in the look
He turned to the gulf below.

And calmly to his arm he bound
His casket and his sword ;
Unheeding, though with fiercer strength
The threatening tempest roared ;
Then stretched his sinewy arms and cried :
“ For me there yet is hope,
The limbs that have spurned a tyrant's chain
With the stormy wave may cope.

“Now let the strife of nature rage,
Proudly I yet can claim,
Where'er the waters may bear me on,
My freedom and my fame.”
The dreaded moment came too soon,
The sea swept madly on,
Till the wall of waters closed around
And the noble ship was gone.

Then rose one wild, half-stifled cry ;
The swimmer's bubbling breath
Was all unheard, while the raging tide
Wrought well the task of death ;
But 'mid the billows still was seen
The stranger's struggling form ;
And the meteor flash of his sword might seem
Like a beacon 'mid the storm.

For still, while with his strong right arm

He buffeted the wave,

The other upheld that treasured prize

He would give life to save.

Was then the love of pelf so strong

That e'en in death's dark hour,

The base-born passion could awake

With such resistless power ?

No ! all earth's gold were dross to him,

Compared with what lay hid,

Through lonely years of changeless woe,

Beneath that casket's lid ;

For there was all the mind's rich wealth,

And many a precious gem

That, in after years, he hoped might form

A poet's diadem.

Nobly he struggled till o'erspent,
His nerveless limbs no more
Could bear him on through the waves that rose
Like barriers to the shore ;
Yet still he held his long prized wealth,
He saw the wished for land—
A moment more, and he was thrown
Upon the rocky strand.

Alas ! far better to have died
Where the mighty billows roll,
Than lived till coldness and neglect
Bowed down his haughty soul :
Such was his dreary lot, at once
His country's pride and shame ;
For on Camoen's humble grave alone
Was placed his wreath of fame.

LAMENT OF CAMOENS.

Donna Catharina de Atayde, a lady of rank and fortune, inspired Camoens with a love as deep as it proved lasting. He was her equal in birth, though destitute of riches. His poverty however, in the opinion of her parents, was a crime which could be expiated only by exile; and as she was attached to the court, they found no difficulty in procuring from the sovereign a decree for his banishment. This summary mode of proceeding, though it separated the lovers, served but to increase their mutual affection; while it brought upon the unhappy Camoens misfortune and disgrace. After a lapse of years, during which he had suffered penury, shipwreck, and the loss of the little property he had accumulated in the East Indies, he returned to his native country, broken in health and in spirits, only to weep over the grave of his beloved Catharine, who had cherished her hopeless love for him to the last moments of her life.

See Life of Camoens.

THE LAMENT OF CAMOENS.

“ Oh when in boyhood’s happier scene,
I pledged my love to thee ;
How very little did I ween
My recompense would now have been
So much of misery !”

Camoens.

My brow is wasted with its throbs of pain ;
My limbs have worn the exile’s heavy chain ;
And now, in weariness of heart, I come
To seek my home—
Alas ! alas ! what home is left me save
The marble-stone that marks my Catharine’s grave ?

Amid the loneliness of banished years,
When every hour was traced in bitter tears ;
When ’gainst itself my bosom learned to war ;
Thou wert the star
That o’er my path of dreary darkness shone,
My own sweet Catharine, and thou too art gone !

Too well thy faith, my gentle one, was kept ;

The love, the perfect tenderness that slept

Within thy bosom, on itself has preyed ;

Till thou wert laid

Within the shelter of earth's quiet breast,

The sinless victim of a love unblest.

Still thou didst glory in that love ; thy brow

With deep affection's brightest flush would glow ;

And though with bitter tears, when last we met,

Thy cheek was wet ;

Yet thou didst bear a spirit high and proud,

And bid me suffer on with soul unbowed.

Alas ! I hoped thou wouldst have heard my name

Linked with the voice of song, the breath of fame :

I fondly deemed that thou wouldst yet behold

My name enrolled

Amid my country's records, while my lyre

Should wake within all hearts a patriot fire.

But that is past—once I had wept, and raved,
And cursed the fate that, through such perils, saved
Me to lament o'er early-faded dreams ;

Now reason seems
Gifted with life to add new stings to pain ;
For frenzy rules my heart, but not my brain.

No outward sign such mortal woe may speak ;
No tears, my Catharine, stain my hollow cheek ;
For ah ! this languid frame, this sinking heart

Tell me we part
But for a season ; soon my toil-worn soul
Shall throw aside this weary life's control.

Then shall death sanctify my lyre ; and then
Shall nations praise ' him of the sword and pen ;'
Then shall my grave become a pilgrim shrine ;

And then too thine,
Thus hallowed by a poet's love, shall be
Sought when forgot are thy proud ancestry.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

ST. JOHN, v. 2—9.



Tranquil Bethesda's waters lay,
No breeze the surface stirred,
When sudden through the brightening air
A rustling wing was heard ;
Then loudly rose the joyous cry :
“ The angel of the pool is nigh ! ”

Well might they shout, the lame, the blind,
The fevered who had lain
Beside Bethesda's healing wave,
Through many a day of pain,
They knew it was the destined hour
When God would show his pitying power.

Then with the selfishness that marks
Deep misery, they rushed
Towards the holy fount that now
With heaven-sent freshness gushed ;
For he who first should reach its brink,
New being from its wave might drink.

But there was one who stirless lay
Upon his weary couch ;
Nor sought amid the hurrying crowd
The troubled waters' touch ;
Yet in his bitter sigh was heard
The agony of " hope deferred."

Almost reproachfully he turned
His eye upon the stream ;
When lo ! a gentle voice awoke
Like music in a dream,
So soft, so sweet its accents stole—
" My brother ! wilt thou not be whole ?"

Slowly he turned his feeble frame,

And gazed upon a face

Of more than woman's loveliness,

Of more than kingly grace ;

" Alas ! in vain my will," he cried,

" I cannot reach Bethesda's tide.

In more than infant feebleness,

Through long and changeless years,

I've lain beside this healing pool

And yet no help appears ;

For ere my palsied limbs draw nigh,

The hour of mercy is gone by."

The saviour bent his noble form,

A heavenly smile passed o'er

His placid lip, " Arise !" he cried,

" Go hence and sin no more !"

Lo ! touched by those almighty hands,

Once more in manhood's strength he stands.

Surely this deed of wondrous power
A truth to *us* imparts,
When Heaven's best gifts have not the skill
To heal our broken hearts,
May we not look through faith to thee
Thou first born of eternity?

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

ST. MATTHEW, VIII. 24—27.

Midnight was on the mighty deep,
And darkness filled the boundless sky,
While 'mid the raging wind was heard
The sea-bird's mournful cry ;
For tempest clouds were mustering wrath
Across the seaman's trackless path.

It came at length—one fearful gust
Rent from the mast the shivering sail,
And drove the helpless bark along,
The plaything of the gale,
While fearfully the lightning's glare
Fell on the pale brows gathered there.

But there was one o'er whose bright face
Unmarked the livid lightnings flashed ;
And on whose stirless, prostrate form
Unfelt the sea-spray dashed ;
For 'mid the tempest fierce and wild,
He slumbered like a wearied child.

Oh ! who could look upon that face,
And feel the sting of coward fear ?
Though hell's fierce demons raged around,
Yet heaven itself was here ;
For who that glorious brow could see
Nor own a present Deity ?

With hurried fear they press around
The lowly saviour's humble bed,
As if his very touch had power
To shield their souls from dread ;
While, cradled on the raging deep,
He lay in calm and tranquil sleep.

Vainly they struggled with their fears,
But wilder still the tempest woke,
Till from their full and o'erfraught hearts
The voice of terror broke :
" Behold ! we sink beneath the wave,
We perish, Lord ! but thou canst save."

Slowly he rose ; and mild rebuke
Shone in his soft and heaven-lit eye :
" Oh ye of little faith," he cried,
" Is not your master nigh ?
Is not your hope of succour just ?
Why know ye not in whom ye trust ?"

He turned away, and conscious power
Dilated his majestic form,
As o'er the boiling sea he bent,
The ruler of the storm ;
Earth to its centre felt the thrill,
As low he murmured : " Peace ! Be still !"

Hark to the burst of meeting waves,

The roaring of the angry sea !

A moment more, and all is hushed

In deep tranquillity ;

While not a breeze is near to break

The mirrored surface of the lake.

Then on the stricken hearts of all,

Fell anxious doubt and holy awe,

As timidly they gazed on him

Whose will was nature's law :

“ What man is this,” they cry, “ whose word

E'en by the raging sea is heard ?”

TALES
AND
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



L'IMPROVISATRICE.

“ As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the fairest wits of all.”

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Her cheek, white as the snowy couch, was prest
Against her delicate hand ; and her dark eye
Beamed with unearthly light and purity :
A hue like that within the rosebud's breast
Was on her lip, and thus she told the tale
Of sorrow which had made her cheek so pale.

It was in life's young morn—sixteen short springs
Had scarce yet bloomed for me ; my soul was filled
With vague and wandering hopes ; imaginings
Of some yet unknown bliss my bosom thrilled :

I dreamed of some one loving and beloved,
Though yet unseen, whose gentle whispers moved
Like music o'er my spirit, till my heart
Was all attuned to tenderness and love.—
It needed but a master's hand to rove
Amid its chords, and teach them to impart,
A melody of magic power to bless,
Whose very echoes had been happiness—
Then, then 'twas I first saw him—the dark eye
Where dwelt the pride of intellect, the high
And snowy forehead, the lip full and bright,
The beaming smile like heaven's own sunny light,
These were the charms that met my gaze, yet oh !
'Twas not alone the beauty of his brow
That won my heart ; it was the mind that dwelt
Within his form before whose shrine I knelt.
Yet I knew not I loved him—from the time
When I first saw him, and love's passion flower
Was budded in my young heart's sunny clime,
Until the sad and well remembered hour

That saw its full and perfect blossoming
In ripened beauty, I knew not how well
My tenderness had nursed the fragile thing.
Alas ! his presence was a mighty spell
'Gainst which I could not strive : his look, his smile
Had ever power my sadness to beguile ;
A glance from his all speaking eye at will
The troubled waves of painful thought could still.—
He was unhappy but I knew not why ;
It was enough for me that the deep sigh
Oft heaved his bosom, and the darkening shade
Oft crost his brow, and bade his sweet smile fade.

Why lengthen out the tale ?—months rolled away,
Yet I was happy, and each changing day
Brought me new pleasure ; for I still could see
The being dearer than the world to me.
But now we soon must sever—I should be

Forgot, or only claim a passing thought
Although his every look and tone were fraught
With sad remembrance for my after years
Of pain and sorrow, loneliness and tears—

Once—'twas in twilight's hour—we sate alone
Each heart responding to a saddened tone.
I had been weeping bitterly, and now
One hand was prest against my throbbing brow,
The other lay in his—I had nor power
Nor will to draw it thence—then bending o'er
He spoke in gentlest words, and, with a smile
Full of calm tenderness, he sought to guile
My mournful feelings, and I felt his arm
An instant closely clasped around my form ;
I felt his lip upon my burning cheek—
The *first, first* kiss ! I sprang from his embrace
To hide my tearful and aye—happy face ;
A moment past and then—oh ! words were weak
My bosom's thrilling agony to speak :

Then first mine eyes were opened, and I knew
How dearly my heart held him, and then too
Came the conviction that I loved in vain—
I dare not dwell on this—too much of pain
Lies in the thought—on the next night we parted,
But stranger eyes were near, and cold ones stood
Around us, and I stilled the fearful flood
Of wild emotion—though half broken-hearted,
My voice ne'er faltered, and my clouded eye
Was tearless ; if the deep drawn struggling sigh
Burst from my lip, 'twas all unheeded while
My changeless cheek still wore a careless smile.

We parted ne'er to meet as we had met—
I knew too well he loved me not, and yet
'Twas sweet to hear the music of his voice,
And 'neath his smiles to feel my soul rejoice.
Time passed away, yet did my bosom cherish
Its fond idolatry—aye—love may may perish

When nurst 'mid pleasures, but the love that springs
From sorrow, fed by hopelessness, still clings
To the young heart unchanged through every change,
No grief can chill it, and no time estrange ;
It lives until it wastes the heart away—
And such was mine—why do I thus delay ?

There was a young fair girl with dove-like eyes
And voice as gentle as the southwind's sighs ;
And when long months had passed away, and I
Again beheld him, he was seated nigh
That gentle girl ; methought his bright eye burned
More brightly when upon her face it turned.
'Twas said he sought her for his bride, and she
Returned no answering fondness—could it be
That he to one who loved him not, had given
The tenderness which would have been my heaven ?
I never met him save when at her side,
And then my heart swelled high with woman's pride.

And hid my woman's love : at length I grew
Reckless of every thing in life—a new
And fearful demon haunted all my hours,
And charged with venom all my path's few flowers.
And then—then—all grew darkness—ask me not
What cast that shadow o'er my wayward lot—
'Twas my own folly—madness—but no more—
Memory extends a barren wildness there,
And life would fail me ere I could tell o'er
My bosom's agony, my heart's despair—
But soon a sudden gleam of light dispelled
The darksome cloud, and then my proud heart swelled
With loftier feelings—I had sometimes strung
My humble lyre and in low accents sung
Of love and sorrow—now they bade me sweep
Its chords with bolder hand, nor let them sleep
In silence ; and some said that on my brow
Ere long the poet's garland might be twined.
From that hour I was changed—I sought not now
To die and leave no memory behind ;

I bade my sleeping intellect unbind
Its listless pinions, and with lofty flight
Soar 'mid Imagination's realms of light—
I taught my lyre with Fancy's flame to glow,
And the soft notes in loftier strains to flow ;
While gay ones marvelled I could spend my days
In painful study—they knew not how strong
The impulse was—'twas not mere love of praise
That bade me seek the highly gifted song—
Ah no ! I hoped the time would come when he
Would listen to my melancholy lays—
I hoped that he, so loved though lost, would see
Gladly, some future day, my humble name
Placed high upon the glorious lists of fame,
And that “ the sweet surprise of sudden joy ”
Would fill his generous heart, when he beheld
The reckless girl, whom he so long had held
To be the sport of levity, the toy
Of wayward feeling, teach her soaring soul
To spurn the fetters of the world's controul :

And with the pride of genius bear away
Upon her woman's brow the deathless bay--
Were these hopes blighted?—

Since I first saw him five long years have past
And I am dying—yet 'tis not the hand
Of grief that o'er my brow this shade has cast :
I long have ceased to weep—an icy band
Seems drawn about my heart—I *cannot* weep,
But now upon my lone couch I could lie,
As calmly as an infant turns to sleep
Upon his gentle mother's breast—and die.—

THE MOTHER.

To aid thy mind's developement,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee !
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem was not reserved for me."

Childe Harold.

Hers was no brilliant beauty ; a pale tint,
As if a rose-leaf there had left its print,
Was on her cheek ; her brow was high and fair,
Crossed by light waving bands of chestnut hair ;
Her eyes were cast down on the lovely boy,
Beside whose couch she knelt ; but such calm joy,

Such beautiful tranquillity as dwelt
Upon her features, none have ever felt
Save a fond mother : her tall graceful form
Was bending o'er him, and one round white arm
Supported his fair head, while her hand prest
Her bosom, as she feared that he might start
To feel the quickened pulses of her heart.
Yet still she drew him nearer to her breast
Almost unconsciously. At length, he woke,
And the soft sounds that from his sweet lips broke,
Were like the gentle murmurings of a brook
Along its pebbly channel ; but her look
Told joy that lay too deep for smiles or tears :
Twas a strange happiness where hopes and fears
Were wildly blended, yet *'twas* happiness ;
For well she knew that nought on earth could bless
A woman's heart like the deep, deathless love
A mother feels : all other joys may prove
But sin or vanity, this, this alone

With perfect peace and purity is fraught.
On the fair tablet of a mother's thought
There is no stain of passion ; 'tis the one,
Sole trace of that pure joy man's knowledge cost,
Sole remnant of the heaven our parents lost.

When first man from his paradise was driven,
Woman's sweet wiles and witcheries were given
To cheer him through life's dreary wilderness ;
But what was left *her* erring heart to bless ?—
She once had loved him as a being sent
From Heaven in God's own image, yet he went
Astray e'en at her bidding—loved she less ?
No, but her adoration now was o'er ;
And earthly passions, sinless now no more,
Absorbed her heart while every pang or sigh
That burst from him, thrilled her with agony.
His stern reproach too she endured unmoved
And patient, for she felt how much she loved.

Then to repay her sufferings, and atone
For man's unkindness, seeds of joy were sown
Within her heart : a mother's love was given,
And this repaid her for the loss of Heaven.

Oh ! but to watch the infant as he lies
Pillowed upon his mother's breast ; his eyes
Fixed on her face, as if his only light
On earth beamed from that face with fondness bright ;
Or to gaze on him sleeping, while his cheek
Moves with her heart's glad throbbings that bespeak
Feeling too full for words ; to see him break
The silken chains of slumber and awake
All light and beauty, while he lisps her name
“ Mother ! ” although his childish lips can frame
No other sound—oh ! who, with joy like this,
Could ask from Heaven a dearer, deeper bliss ?

Again I saw the mother bending o'er
The pillow of her babe ; but joy no more

Was pictured in her face ; her sunken cheek,
Her faltering accents, tremulous and weak,
Told a sad tale : she had hung o'er that couch
For many a weary night, and every touch
Of his thin, wasted hand seemed to impart
A thrilling sense of pain to her young heart :
Yet deemed she not that death could now destroy
So bright a blossom as her darling boy.
She feared not that ; she felt she could not bring
Aught to relieve him ; this to her was death.—
But when at last she felt his feverish breath
Pass o'er her brow, the deadly withering
Of early hope that young hearts only know,
First taught her all a youthful mother's woe.
Oft would she check the bursting sob of pain
When, as she marked the evening planets wane,
She thought that though another day had past,
Another came as mournful as the last ;
And oftentimes the bright big tear unbid
Would gather slowly 'neath her long-fringed lid ;

As rain-drops mark the coming storm whose shock
Shall blast the wild flower and its sheltering rock
In the same ruin—but each coming day
She saw him wasting. One eve as he lay
Within her arms, the moonbeams shining bright
Gave to his pallid face a ghastly light :
She gazed on him—she bent to hear his breath—
His heart throbbed faintly—then—she gazed on Death !

CLARA.

“ You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures.”

Henry VIII.

She had sprung up like a sweet wild flower hid
From common eyes, in some lone dell, amid
The light and dews of heaven ; and ne’er was found
A purer bud on earth’s unhallowed ground.
Her face was fair, but the admiring eye
Loved less its beauty than its purity ;
No cloud e’er darkened o’er that placid brow ;
No care e’er dimmed her bright smile’s sunny glow ;
A gentle heart that ne’er had dreamed of sin
Or suffering, shone her dove-like eyes within ;

And the high hope that with such calm joy stirs
The trusting soul—the Christian's hope was hers :
'Twas this that gave such sweetness to a mien
So softly gay, so peaceful and serene ;
Calm without apathy ; as woman mild,
Yet innocent and playful as a child.

But in her heart there was one unbreathed thought
With all a woman's holiest fondness fraught :
Hers was not wild, fierce passion, such as glows
In untamed hearts, but the calm love that grows
Within the soul like an expanding flower,
Breathing its perfume o'er each passing hour :
From infancy it grew.—The graceful boy
To whose embrace she clung with childish joy,
And on whose breast her head had oft reposed
When weariness her infant eyes had closed,
Was still as dear to her young bosom now,
Though time had written man upon his brow.

There was no shame in such a love concealed
In her heart's quiet depths, or but revealed
By the slight tremor or the blush that came
O'er cheek and bosom when she heard his name.

And did not Henry look with loving eye
On the fair orphan who so tenderly
Cherished his image ?—long he vainly strove
To check the feeling he dared not call love ;
He thought of earlier days when she had smiled
In his encircling arms, a reckless child ;
Could she forget the difference in their years
And listen to a lover's hopes and fears
From one so much her elder ?—he might claim
A sister's tenderness ; but the pure flame
Of deep and deathless love could never be
Kindled by him in its intensity.
Thus deemed he in his hopelessness ; but vain
His efforts to repress the thrilling pain

That filled his heart, while thinking of the hour
When he should see his loved and cherished flower
Breathing its fragrance in another's bower.

One balmy summer eve, with him she roved
Through many a greenwood haunt they long had loved;
When as they gazed upon the glorious west,
Dark clouds obscured the bright sun's glowing crest;
And through the forest trees the wind's wild cry
Rang as of some strong man in agony.
A storm was coming, and while, pale with fear,
She clung to him, his own proud castle near
Offered them shelter—in his arms he bore
The maiden to those halls oft trod before
In childhood's day; and while the tempest's strife
Blackened the scene so late with gladness rife,
His heart was filled with joy; for maiden pride
Was hushed by fear, and Clara dared to hide
Her face upon his breast, while the red fire
Flashed from dark clouds careering in their ire

Like angry spirits—ere an hour had past,
The storm was spent, and its terrific blast
Hushed into stillness ; but before they turned
To leave the spot, the restless thoughts that burned
In Henry's breast, were breathed o'er Clara's cheek,
And silence answered more than words could speak.

And they were wed—oh, gentle Love, how dear
Is thy sweet influence when thou thus dost rear
Amid our household gods thy sacred shrine,
And givest thy torch upon our hearths to shine,
Folding in calm repose thy radiant wings,
And gathering round our homes earth's purest, loveliest
things ! /

EDGAR AND ADA.

“The wretched are the faithful.”

Byron.—Lament of Tasso.

He was all manly beauty, and she seemed
As fair a form as ever poet dreamed
’Mid early love’s imaginings ; with eyes
Dove-like and beautiful, and lofty brow
White as the snow on Alpine summits lies ;
Upon her cheek there was a brilliant glow
Like young Aurora’s earliest, brightest blush,
Deepening at her sweet lip, till it became
The crimson tint of summer eve ;—the flush
Of changeful feeling, hope, or joy or shame

Gave sweetness to a face that else had been
Too samely beautiful :—none e'er had seen
Her innocent smile but paused to look again,
She seemed so pure, so free from every stain
Of earthly feeling ; and young Edgar's heart
Scarce trusted its own bliss when in her face
He read (what nought save looks can e'er impart)
The love, the tenderness that steals new grace
From maiden bashfulness ;—aye, low his proud
And lofty spirit at her shrine was bowed.
The guileless fancies of unsullied youth ;
Its high-souled aspirations after truth ;
The innocent wishes vague and undefined ;
The brilliant visions of a lofty mind ;
The hope that only on fame's mountain height
His eagle spirit e'er should rest its flight ;
All these were his ; and when the traitor Love
Around that spirit's snowy pinions wove
His silken bonds, in vain might he essay
Its heaven-ward course 'mid myrtle groves to stay ;

The soft, light fetters only seemed to bring
Renewed freshness to each radiant wing.

Yet all his soul was hers ; and what did she
With such a prize ? Did she not joy to see
Its proud upspringing ? Did she not aspire
To catch a spark of the ethereal fire ?
And did not her less powerful mind reflect
A brightness from his vivid intellect ?

No ! all too glorious was the dazzling blaze
Of genius placed before her timid gaze ;
She shrank before its brilliancy, content
To find in vanity her element.

His love for her was pure as it was deep ;
Not like the shallow brook whose wavelets break
When the light breezes o'er its surface sweep,
But like the mighty ocean that can wake
Only to brave the tempest.

But when all thought him happiest,—for the time
When he might claim his promised bride drew near—

(Alas ! they know not the heart's changeful clime
Who only see its summer flowers) a shade
Gathered upon his brow ; he seemed to wear
Less joyous smiles than he was wont—'twas said
That she was faithless ; but he breathed not one
Unkind reproach, the soul of life was gone
From him forever ; and nought now was left
Save a wide waste of all its bloom bereft.
The idol he had worshipped was o'erthrown ;
Its ruined fane was in his heart alone.
Yet he could not believe that she would brook
Another's tenderness—a little while
And she was wedded ; he beheld her smile
Upon another with the same sweet look
That once had greeted him : then first he knew
His bosom's hopeless misery ; then too
He felt how surely she had withered all
His spirit's high-wrought energies ; in vain
He strove his hopes of glory to recall—
Alas ! there was no guerdon now to gain.

He deemed hope dead within his heart, and then
Alas ! he plunged amid the haunts of men.
Aye, that proud heart so full of holy feeling
Was joined unto the world—the stain of earth
So slowly o'er his guileless bosom stealing,
Though hid beneath the sparkling flowers of mirth,
A darker, deeper madness could impart
Than even grief had left within his heart.
His spirit's plumes were sullied ; but not long
He paused to hear soft pleasure's syren song ;
Not long his noble nature thus could bear
The joys where innocence might find no share.

There was a gentle girl for whom he felt
A brother's tenderness, and she knew well
His wrongs and sufferings ; often had she knelt
Beside him when she marked the fearful swell
Of the blue veins upon his brow, which told
That thought again her record had unrolled ;

And she alone his sadness could beguile
With her soft voice, her sweetly pensive smile ;
Or soothe with tears she sought not to repress.
She spoke to him of peace (for happiness
She knew he hoped no longer) and she gave
Fresh motive for exertion—day by day
Her gentle kindness won its silent way,
Until he felt that he again could brave
The world's wild storms.—Affection's deepest stream
Was sealed within his bosom ; but the beam
Of kind benevolence across it glowed
Until it seemed as though again it flowed
Unfettered ; but such thought indeed were vain—
Nought now on earth could e'er unloose that chain ;
His lip again a tranquil smile might wear,
But memory's waste was ruled by fell despair.

Yet Ada felt that deep and passionate love
Was in *her* heart ; at first she vainly strove

Against its power ; she knew she ought to fly ;
Yet what kind gentle one would then be nigh
To watch o'er Edgar's melancholy mood,
And save him from the heart's dread solitude ?—
Oh ! man can never know what treasures lie
Within the quiet depths of woman's soul ;
How strong the fortitude that dares to die
E'en with a broken heart, yet can control
Each painful murmur.—Ada knew she ne'er
Could be aught than his sister though so dear
Her innocent heart had held him,—a few years
Of mingled joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
And then they must be parted, he would wear
Upon his brow the laurel's fadeless bloom,
While her heart, worn by many a secret tear,
Would find its shelter in the silent tomb,

Days passed away and Ada's bloom had fled,
She felt that soon the city of the dead

Would greet her as its habitant ; and yet
Her gentle bosom breathed not one regret ;
She feared if she should live and he depart,
Grief might reveal the secret of her heart ;
But now while she could listen to his voice
Whose silver tones bade her sad soul rejoice ;
Now while to her his tenderness was given,
Death was the dearest boon she sought from Heaven.
Yet e'en this consolation was denied ;
For accident revealed what maiden pride
Had closely hidden ;—pangs that long had slept
In Edgar's breast were roused :—" Have I doomed thee,
Mine innocent child, to hopeless misery ?"
He clasped her to his bosom and they wept,
Bitterly wept together, but she rose
As though the fountains of her weeping froze
E'en in their flow, her arms were round him thrown,
One kiss upon his brow and she was gone.—

Days, weeks, passed on ; but from that time he ne'er
Had seen sweet Ada ; many a bitter tear
Had he in secret shed, when he was told
That she was dying ; ere that heart was cold
Which had loved him so well, ere she was free
From worldly thoughts, she prayed his face to see.
He came—she sate beside the lattice where
The jasmine twined its bridal blossoms fair,
A transient blush suffused her cheek, she sighed :
“ Think, like this flower thine own dear Ada died,
It felt no lightning-stroke, no tempest's strife,
But withered 'neath the sun that gave it life.”
She laid her head upon his breast—life's last
And happiest moment—then—her spirit pass'd !

MINA.

“ Nature is fine in love ; and when ’tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.”

Hamlet.

It was the place of tombs ; the dark leaved yew
And bending willow their sad shadows threw
Across the lowly graves ; no sound was heard
Save the soft murmur of a rippling stream,
Or the light carol of the lark that stirred
The balmy air with music : it might seem
That all things slept in some delicious dream.
There was a hillock decked with many a wreath
Of young spring-flowers, but they had faded ’neath
The morning sun like young hopes pure and bright
Withering beneath the look that gave them light.

And to that grave there came the form of one
Who had been beautiful ; but sickness now
And sorrow too had marked her for their own,
And stolen the joyous beauty from her brow.
On the damp grass she many a night had lain,
The star-gemmed heavens her only canopy,
And this had dimmed the lustre of her eye,
And faded her young cheek ; she came again
To deck with fresh culled flowers the lonely spot
She loved so well ; she sighed : “ sure these are not
The flowers I braided—ah ! the cruel sun
Has touched them, and their loveliness is gone.”
She threw herself beside the grave and wreathed
The dewy flowers, while mournfully she breathed
A low and broken melody :

Aye, flowers may glow
In new-born beauty, and the rosy spring
To deck the earth her sparkling wreaths may bring ;
But where art thou ?

The early bloom
Of flowers in freshest infancy I wreathe,
Their transient life of fragrancy to breathe
Upon thy tomb.

And I have sought
The lowly violet, that in shade appears
Shrinking from view, like young love's tender fears,
With sweetness fraught.

And rosebuds too,
Crimson as young Aurora's blush, or white
As woman's cheek when touched by sorrow's blight,
O'er thee I strew.

And flowers that close
Their buds beneath the sun, but pure and pale
Ope their sweet blossoms 'neath the dewy veil
That evening throws.

The fragrant leaves
Of the white lily too with these I twine,
The drooping lily that seems born to shine
Where true love grieves.

But what doth this
Half-withered bud amid my blooming wreath?
Already its young charms have faded 'neath
The sun's warm kiss.

Ah! this shall lie
Upon my bosom—it is fit to strew
Such blighted flowers o'er her who only knew
To love and die!—

There will be none
To deck thy grave with flowers and chant for thee
These snatches of remembered melody
When I am gone;

But thou shalt have
A gift more pure than e'en the buds I fling—
A broken heart—my latest offering
Upon thy grave.

* * * * * She laid
Upon the verdant flower-wreathed turf her head ;
The breeze amid her long, dark ringlets played,
And thus she slept—the dying with the dead.—

Hers was no wondrous history: should we seek
The cause that fades the bloom of woman's cheek,
'Twould oft be found a tale like this—she loved
As woman ever loves—undoubtedly—
His rich-toned voice o'er her young pulses moved
Like the soft breath of summer airs that sigh
Upon the wind-god's harp—his glorious eye
To her was as the sunbeam from on high
Nursing the passion-flowers within her heart,
And teaching them their fragrance to impart.

He knew not all her love—she taught the deep
And strong emotions of her breast to sleep
Beneath mirth's semblance, and whene'er she heard
His footstep, though her feelings wildly stirred,
The trembling of her downcast lid ; her cheek
Suffused with blushes—these alone could speak
Her woman's fondness.—Ernold toyed awhile
With the fond heart whose every throb was fraught
With tenderness for him ; and then the smile
Of one more fair claimed all the truant's thought.
Aye, thus man values woman's heart—a toy
That may amuse his changeful hours of joy,
Or charm his bosom's waywardness, then cast
Aside, or broken when the mood is past.

'Twere vain to tell of Mina's hopes and fears,
Her seeming gayety and secret tears ;
Woman too oft is doomed such pangs to prove,
And man—why should he know of woman's love ?

Too soon the loved, the faithless one was wed
To one so beautiful she seemed to make
A very heaven about her, and to take
Captive those hearts whence feeling long had fled ;
Yet she was cold to him as is the snow
On mountain tops—she should have been as pure—
And silently he bade his heart endure
To see the same cold smiles upon her brow,
Like sunbeams glittering o'er a frozen lake ;
At length came one with magic power to wake
The beautiful statue into life, and she
Who should have shared her husband's destiny,
Unchanged through every change, was faithless !—gave
Her name, her honour to become the slave
Of sinful passion.—From that fatal day
Grief wore the wretched Ernold's life away ;
And when pain thus had wrung him, and decay
Had marked him for the grave—remembering nought
Save that he now was wretched, Mina sought

To soothe his misery ; and oft she led
His trembling footsteps to the river side,
Upon whose green bank they were wont to tread
When life was brighter, and whene'er he tried
To banish sad remembrance, she would smile
And seek with cheerful words his grief to 'guile.
Death came at length—she lived to dress his tomb
With sweet spring flowers, but pain had stolen her
bloom ;

She knew that she was dying—one bright morn
She went again the green grave to adorn,
But she returned not—she had calmly laid
Her cheek upon the grassy mound ; a braid
Of fresh buds in her hand, and thus beside
Her lover's tomb, her lastest breath was sighed.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

“ Ma pur si aspre vie, ne si selvagge
Cercar non so ch’ Amor non venga sempre
Ragionando con meco ed io con lui.”

Petrarca.

He was a slender boy; his coal black hair
Hung in thick masses o’er his brow so fair.
His cheek was pale and sunken, and the light
Of his dark eye seemed as it *had* been bright,
Though now its flashing glance was quenched in tears,
And grief seemed preying on his early years.
O’erspent with toil he stood—his native land
Lay far beyond the ken of that low vale
Whose gentle breezes now his hot cheek fanned;
And when he strove to tell his simple tale,
It was in broken accents, but with tone
Sweet as love’s whisper: “ he was all alone

In the wide world, and now he sought a home
Where coldness or unkindness could not come.

Four changeful seasons now had rolled away
Since first Celesto dwelt within that vale,
An humble shepherd boy, and yet no ray
Of joy e'er visited his cheek so pale.
He shunned the crowd of gay ones that were met
Upon the green at summer eve ; nor yet
Did he e'er seek to win a maiden's smile :
It seemed that nought on earth had power to 'guile
His wretchedness. He loved alone to sit
And watch the bright and various clouds that flit
Across the sunset sky, or, stretched beneath
The fragrant orange groves, to list the breath
Of Zephyr sweeping o'er the leaves that sigh
In answer and return sweet melody.
Once, and once only, did the sad boy quit
His lonely haunts, and join the festive throng ;
And then he seized the light guitar and wove,

In broken strains, a melancholy song
Breathing of blighted hope and hapless love :

They called her fair ; and she oft had heard
The voice of song in the moon-lit grove ;
But oh ! how wildly her pulses stirred
When first she bent to the voice of love !

Like Heaven's sweet breath o'er the win-god's lyre,
It woke its tones in her guileless heart ;
But scarcely can Heaven itself inspire
Such joy as dwells in love's witching art.

To him who wakened each sleeping string
She gave her heart ; but be this the token
How well he valued the fragile thing—
The music has ceased !—the heart is broken !

There was a young fair girl with sunny brow
And cheek where smiles were ever wont to glow—

The gayest 'mid the gay ones, but her eye
Lost its bright gladness, and despondency
Marked her once laughing face ; her faded cheek
Was pale, save when she heard Celesto's name,
And then quick deepening blushes o'er it came,
Those tell-tales that a maiden's fondness speak.
The boy knew that she loved him, but he felt
That none would love him long ; for grief had dwelt
Within his heart until it wore away
His life. Although his eye and cheek grew bright,
Yet 'twas the soul's last effort to give light
And beauty to the wasting frame's decay,
And steal from death part of its agony.
Soon, very soon the boy knew he must die,
And then he sought the pale girl, and unrolled
The tablets of sad memory ; then he told
His mournful tale. From that time, though the trace
Of tears was often left on Annette's face,
Yet was her spirit calm.

At length, one morn,
In that bright season when earth seems new born,
She sought the spot Celesto loved to tread ;
And there she saw the fair boy lying—dead !
They came to robe him in funereal vest,
And then they found a maiden's snowy breast
Beneath the shepherd's coat. The imaged form
Of one whose eye possessed the serpent's charm
Hung from her neck—a dark browed cavalier—
They sought from sad Annette the tale to hear,
But she was silent : thus by all unknown
The hapless maiden lies. A solitary stone
Graved with the name Celesta, marks her tomb,
The only relic of her mournful doom.

THE BRIDE.

* * “ Say as ye point to my early tomb
That the lover was dear tho’ the bridegroom had come.”
Anon.

“ But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.”
Shakspeare.

The lady sat in sadness; her fair lid
Shrouding her eye’s dark beauty ; while soft hands
Were wreathing her thick tresses, and amid
The glossy ringlets twining costly bands
Of snowy pearls ; but oft the deep-drawn sigh
Heaved the rich robe that folded o’er her breast ;
And when she raised her head, within her eye
Sparkled a tear which would not be repress.

She glanced towards the mirror, and a smile
Crossed her sweet lip—it was a woman's feeling
Of mingled pride and pleasure, even while
The blight of sorrow o'er her heart was stealing:
Yet as she gazed she thought of by-past hours,
When she was wont, within the orange bowers,
To sit beneath the moonlight ; and the arm
Of one she loved was folded round her form,
While to his throbbing breast she oft would cling,
And playfully her loosen'd tresses fling,
Light fetters, o'er his neck ; then, with bright cheek,
Smile when he strove his tenderness to speak.

Another change came o'er her face—she turned
And raised a chrystal cup that near her stood ;
Upon her cheek a deeper crimson burned,
And to her eye there rushed a fearful flood
Of wild emotion ; eagerly she quaffed,
With trembling lip, the strangely blended draught :

And then in low and faltering accents cried :

“ Am I not now a gay and happy bride ?”

* * * * *

She stood before the altar ; her pale brow

Uplifted to the holy cross. The sun

Shed through the painted window a deep glow

Upon her cheek ; and he who thus had won

Her hand without her heart, was at her side ;

The dark-robed priest too ; but as less allied

To earth than heaven, she stood—when called to speak

The sad response, her voice had grown so weak

She scarce could utter it ; her fragile form

Shook with convulsed emotion ; but the arm

Of her stern sire supported her ; her head

Fell helpless on his breast, and she was wed.

The bridegroom pressed his lip to her pale face ;

She shrunk from him as loathing his embrace ;

Then starting up with fearful calmness said :

“ Father, I promised ; have I not obeyed ?—

But there is yet another vow unpaid;
For I am the betrothed of Death, and lo!
The bridegroom waits his promised bride, e'en now.
Our nuptial torch shall be the glow-worm's light;
Our bridal bed the grave—Oh! it is sweet
To think that there no grief can throw its blight
O'er young affection—yes e'en I can greet
The marriage cup when drugged with aconite.”
She trembled; would have fallen; but again
Her haughty father's arm was near—her breath
Grew fainter; and her breast heaved as with pain;
Lowly she murmured: “Let my bridal wreath
Lie on my bier—he deems me faithless—now
Let him bend o'er this pale and stony brow,
And learn how well I loved”—one fleeting spot
Of crimson crossed her cheek, and she was not.

THE LONELY ONE.

“ What deep wounds ever closed without a scar ?
The heart bleeds longest, and but heals to wear
That which disfigures it ; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been vanquished, bear
Silence but not submission.”

Childe Harold.

Oh ! hers was not such love as worldlings feel ;
But an intense and passionate devotion
Pure as an infant thought was in her heart.
Yet she had none of woman's charms ; the low
And gentle voice ; the full bright lip ; the eye
All light and beauty ; these were not for her.
But on her spirit genius poured its rays ;
And in her eye the pride of intellect

Was visibly enthroned ; yet proved she not
Herself a mere, mere woman, when she gave
Her heart to man's control ? No, he was one
Whom not to love had almost been a crime :
It seemed that heaven had formed him to be loved
E'en as itself was worshipped ; well did she
Obey its will—he was the life, the soul
Of her existence ; and she poured forth all
The richest fulness of her untouched heart
As incense on his shrine, e'en though she knew
Its sweetness would be wasted. Hopelessly
She gave it ; for she knew he looked on her
With kindness, friendship, every thing but love.
And yet she murmured not ; could she repine
When she received a brother's tenderness ?
She turned from scenes of gaiety ; for there
She could not think of him ; and gifted ones
Oft sought her love as 'twere a precious thing.
But how could one who worshipped the bright sun,
Pay the same homage to the meaner stars ?

She gave herself to loneliness ; a life
Of self-devotion to her hopeless love
Was dearer to her than all earthly joy.

At length the hour she long had looked for, came
And he was wed. She knew the very hour
That gave him to another. It were vain
To paint the fearful conflict of her heart ;
She knew he would be wretched if he dreamed
Of her deep sorrow ; and this gave her strength
To conquer woman's weakness : when she next
Beheld him he was near his youthful bride ;
Calmly she met his proffered hand, and looked
With smiles on her bright face, and though her cheek
Was deadly pale, yet her voice faltered not.
Her course through life was marked out by the hand
Of changeless destiny ; her days were past
In painful study ; she explored the paths
Of science with a sad delight ; for one
Faint hope yet lingered that, in after years,

When men should breathe her name in tones of praise,
He would remember her with thoughts of pride.
Yet she was not unhappy; she had taught
His wife to love her, and the innocent face
Of his fair child oft rested on her heart,
While its soft arms were twined about her neck
With all an infant's fondness.

Years passed on,
And long ere she had reached life's middle course,
Sorrow amid the lone-one's dark brown locks
Had mingled silver, while her sunken cheek
And wasted figure told a mournful tale
Of the heart's struggle. Well had she subdued
Each rebel thought; her eye no longer quailed
In anguish to behold his tenderness
Bestowed upon another; for she gave
To his fair child the fullness of that love
She dared not yield to him. Alas! alas!
And did she think the heart would thus be swayed

E'en as she listed ; that her will could change
The course of its affections ? vain deceit !
E'en as the breath of winter, while it binds
The mountain torrent in its icy chains,
Checks not the current which still rushes on
Beneath its frozen surface, so the strong,
Resistless energy of mind may stay
The outward struggles of the restless soul,
But cannot reach its inmost depths, where still
The waves of passion moan. Too soon she knew
How much she was deceived. Death came, but not
To her who waited him ; the grief-worn frame
Was all too mean a prey for him ; he seized
The gentle wife and mother ; she whose life
Had been a fairy tale.

No selfish thought
Was in the bosom of the lonely one,
As bending o'er the bed of death, she wept
Mingling her tears with his ; but when she found

That still he sought for comfort in her kindness,
E'en when the smile revisited his lip ;
What marvel if within her breast awoke
Again the sweet delusions of young hope.—
The passionate feelings of his youth were gone ;
And now he turned with tranquil tenderness
To her affection, e'en as one will pause,
Amid the weary vanities of life,
To hear some half-forgotten melody
That charmed his childish hours ; but ah ! the heart
Which bore so well with sorrow, could not brook
The fulness of such joy ; and as the flower
May bide the pelting of the storm, to die
Beneath the very sun that gave it life,
Thus did she wither ; but how did she shrink
To meet the death she once had sought ; how weep
To check again the love but half subdued ?
Thus months and weeks passed onward, until he
Who, in her hour of youth and bloom, had turned
In coldness from her love, now sought for it

As 'twere his very being—who can speak
The anguish of her spirit, as with sick
And swelling heart she gasped: “It is too late!”
As the worn traveller amid the wilds
Of burning Araby, o’erspent with toil,
Falls ere he reach the brink of that pure wave
Which proffers life to his parched lip; thus she
Found joy within her grasp but when she knew
It was her last, her dying hour.—She died—
Yet as a day of storms will oft-times sink
With a rich burst of sunlight at its close;
Thus did the rays of happiness illumine
Her parting spirit

THE MORAVIAN BURIAL GROUND.

The following lines are an attempt to convey an idea of the simple beauty of the Moravian Burial Ground at Bethlehem, Penn. The feelings described suggested themselves on the spot ; and the incident alluded to actually occurred.

'Twas one of those sweet days when spring awakes
Her gentlest zephyrs and her softest light,
Wooing the wild flower in the sunny brakes,
And winning the young bird to joyous flight ;
While rose the lulling murmur of the bee
'Mid the sweet sounds of nature's jubilee.

Our loitering feet unconsciously we turned
Towards a green and solitary lane ;
A pure, calm spirit in our bosoms burned,
And feelings saddened, though unmixed with pain—
Oh ! surely we were then in fitting mood
To ponder on the grave's dread solitude.

Through a low gate our quiet steps we bent—
Was this sweet, lonely spot a burial place ?
Here was no urn, no sculptured monument,
But o'er it spring had shed her loveliest trace ;
For the bright verdure and the fragrant bloom
Of the wild violet, decked each smiling tomb.

A lowly mound of earth, an humble stone,
Traced with the name of him who lay beneath,
A name still dear to love, though never known
To fame, were all that spoke of dreaded death ;
Fresh grass, and flowers, and scented herbs were there
Filling with brightness earth, with odours air.

High swelled my heart as 'mid those graves I trod ;
I felt life's nothingness in that calm hour ;
My spirit knew the presence of its God,
And bowed submissive to Almighty power ;
While humbly now I deemed I ne'er should shrink
To drain the cup that earthly love must drink.

I had been an idolater—aye, still
My heart was vowed upon an earthly shrine ;
Though checked a moment by that holy thrill,
I knew my bosom never could resign
Its deep idolatry till life was past ;
Had I not cause to fear Heaven's frown at last ?

Filled with these thoughts, I turned e'en from the brow
That most I loved, to hide my gushing tears,
And gazing on the humble graves where low
Lay buried many a love of other years,
I threw myself beside a grassy mound
With reverence, for I felt 'twas holy ground.

For there, with eyelids closed in changeless night,
The mother and her sinless infant lay ;
In the same hour death breathed o'er both his blight ;
And in one pang their spirits passed away—
The all of mother's feelings she had known
Were the keen throe, the agony alone :

Alas for earthly joy, and hope, and love,
Thus stricken down e'en in their holiest hour !
What deep, heart-wringing anguish must they prove
Who live to weep the blasted tree and flower !
Oh, woe, deep woe to earthly love's fond trust,
When all it once has worshipped lies in dust !

There was one hillock decked beyond the rest,
Where rue, and thyme, and violets, were sighing ;
No trace of earth defaced its verdant breast ;
The wild bee o'er the sunny flowers was flying,
Or hiding, mid the odorous buds and leaves,
Beneath the dewy veil the evening weaves.

There slept the patriarch of fourscore years,
Whose long life like an April day had closed
In smiles and sunshine after clouds and tears ;
Now calm in death his aged form reposed ;
While oft affection's pearly tears bedewed
The flowers that decked his peaceful solitude.

Lo! while we gazed, with slow and noiseless tread
A female form drew nigh ; her right hand bore
A water-urn ; and o'er th' unconscious dead
Lowly she bent its freshening dew to pour,
Till the flowers brightly 'neath the sun gleamed up,
Each bearing a rich gem within its cup.

Ten years had passed since he who slumbered there,
Had cast aside the weight of clay, and yet
His grave still fondly claimed a daughter's care ;
Still was it visited with deep regret ;
Such was the love of hearts o'er which no trace
Of earth had passed affection to efface.

Then with tumultuous feelings all subdued
By death's undreaded presence, I awoke
My song's low murmurs in that solitude,
And thus my half-breathed whispers softly broke :

When in the shadow of the tomb
This heart shall rest,
Oh! lay me where spring flowerts bloom
On earth's bright breast.

Oh! ne'er in vaulted chambers lay
My lifeless form ;
Seek not of such mean, worthless prey
To cheat the worm.

In this sweet city of the dead
I fain would sleep,
Where flowers may deck my narrow bed,
And night dews weep.

But raise not the sepulchral stone

To mark the spot;

Enough, if by thy heart alone

'Tis ne'er forgot.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL

TO HER WEDDED DAUGHTER.

Go, dearest one, my selfish love shall never pale thy
check ;

Not e'en a mother's fears for thee will I in sadness
speak :

Yet how can I with coldness check the burning tears
that start ?—

Hast thou not turned from me to dwell within ano-
ther's heart ?

I think on earlier, brighter days, when first my lip was
prest

Upon thy baby brow whilst thou lay helpless on my
breast.

In fancy still I see thine eye uplifted to my face,

I hear thy lisping tones, and mark with joy thy child-
ish grace.

E'en then I knew it would be thus ; I thought e'en in
that hour,

Another would its perfume steal when I had reared
the flower ;

And yet I will not breathe a sigh—how can I dare
repine ?

The sorrow that *thy* mother feels was suffered once
by mine.

A mother's love !—oh ! thou knowest not how much of
feeling lies

In those sweet words ; the hopes, the fears, the daily
strengthening ties :

It lives ere yet the infant draws its earliest vital
breath,

And dies but when the mother's heart chills in the
grasp of death.

Will he in whose fond arms thou seek'st thine all of
earthly bliss,

E'er feel a love untiring, deep, and free from self as
this?

Ah, no! a husband's tenderness thy gentle heart may
prove;

But never, never wilt thou meet again a mother's
love.

My love for thee must ever be fond as in years gone
by;

While to thy heart I shall be like a dream of memory.
Dearest farewell, may angel hosts their vigils o'er thee
keep,—

How can I speak that fearful word 'farewell' and yet
not weep?

1825.

TO THE EVENING STAR.



* * * "A single star
Is rising in the East, and from afar
Sheds a most tremulous lustre ; silent night
Doth wear it like a jewel on her brow."

Barry Cornwall.

"Oh what a vision were the stars
When first I saw them burn on high."

Moore.

Pale, melancholy star ! that pourest thy beams
So mildly on my brow, pure as the tear
A pitying angel sheds o'er earthly sorrow,
I love to sit beneath thy light and yield
My heart to its strange musings, wayward dreams
Of things inscrutable, and searching thoughts
That would aspire to dwell in yon high sphere.
I love to think that thou art a bright world
Where bliss and beauty dwell ; where never sin

Has entered to destroy the perfect joys
Of its pure, holy habitants. 'Tis sweet
To fancy such a quiet, peaceful home
Of innocence, and purity, and love.
There the first sire still dwells with all his race,
From his loved eldest-born to the sweet babe
Of yesterday; there gentle maids are seen
Fair as the sun, with all that tenderness
So sweet in woman; and soft eyes that beam
The fondest love, but freed from passion's stain.
There all have high communion with their God,
And though the fruit of knowledge is not plucked,
Yet doth its fragrance breathe on all around.
Oh! what can knowledge give to recompense
The happy ignorance it cost? Man gave
His heaven to gain it—what was his reward?—
Deep, lasting misery!

Sweet Star! can those in thy bright sphere behold
Our fallen world? do they not weep to view

Our blighting sorrows? and do they not veil
Their brows in shame, to see heaven's choicest gifts
Profaned and trampled by our maddening passions?
Surely this world is now as beautiful
As 'twas in earliest prime : the earth still blooms
With flowers and brilliant verdure ; the dark trees
Are thick with foilage, and the mountains tower
In proud sublimity ; the waters glide
All smoothly 'mid the green, enamelled mead,
Or dash o'er broken cliffs, flinging their spray
In high fantastic whirls. Surely 'tis fair
As it could be before the wasting flood
Had whelmed it. Let us forth and gaze upon
The face of nature. All is peaceful now,
Yet man will tread there too ; cities will rise
Where now the wild bird sings ; thousands will dwell
Where all is loneliness ; but will it be
More beautiful ? No ; where the wild flowers spring,
Where nought but the bird's note is heard, we may
Find friends in every leaf ; each simple bud

Speaks to the heart and fills it with the sweet,
Soft tenderness of childhood ; but vain man
Makes it a peopled wilderness : the blight
Of disappointment and distrust is found
Wherever man has made his troubled home ;
And the most fearful desart is the spot
Where he best loves to dwell.

Oh ! let me hope, while gazing on thy light,
Sweet Star ! that yet a peaceful home is left
For those sad spirits who have found this world
All sin and sorrow. Haply in thy sphere
I yet may dwell, when cleansed from all the stains
Of passions that too darkly dwell within
This throbbing heart. Oh ! had I early died,
I might have been a pure and sinless child
In some sweet planet ; and my only toil,
To light my censer by the sun's bright rays,
And fling its fire forever toward the throne
Of the Eternal One.

TO FANCY.

“Fancy, my internal sight.”

Milton.

Sweet Fancy ! I have been thy favoured child
From earliest infancy ; and thou wert wont
To show me thy bright imagery, ere yet
My young lips could frame language to describe
The fair but fleeting shadows : thou hast nursed
Those warm and ardent feelings nature gave ;
And though 'tis true that thou hast taught my heart
To heave the quickened throb of deeper anguish
Than cold ones e'er can feel ; yet thou has given
Joys they can never know. I love to see
The setting sun resting his broad bright rim
Upon the golden wave, as lingering there

To bid the world farewell ; and when he sinks,
To watch the thousand summer clouds he leaves
Of strange fantastic shape and varied hue.
Then is thine hour bright Fancy—then is felt
Thy softest, sweetest influence o'er the heart.
Oh! when I gaze upon th' unclouded heaven
Studded with gems of brilliancy, my soul
Forgets the lapse of time ; and doth recall
The phantasies so proud and beautiful
Of ancient times : the stars were then in truth
'The poetry of Heaven,' and had high power
O'er mortal fate. 'Tis sad that those sweet dreams
Are now denied us : oh, how much more bliss
Lies in the legend of our infant years,
Than in the sad reality we learn !

Many would deem me weak ; but I have gazed
Upon the fairy clouds and pictured there
Familiar forms and faces ; and have felt
That I could almost weep to see them fade,

So like a presage of the transient date
Of all life's changeful joys. It may be vain
To yield to these impressions ; but what heart
Could scorn such gentle dreams in early youth.

I love to look upon the clouded sky,
When the fierce forked lightning flashes bright,
And the deep roar of Heaven's artillery
Sounds fearfully ; and I can calmly view
The strife of elements ; and fancy then
I hear the shouts of proud rebellious spirits
Storming the towers and battlements of Heaven.
Oh, what a depth of feeling lies within
The full, the o'erfraught heart in such an hour !—
And this too is thine hour, bright Fancy, this
Thy proudest, mightiest power. In the sweet calm
Of evening, thou dost come with whispers bland,
And all its gentleness ; but when the storm
Is raging thou dost speak in majesty,
And the full heart is lifted to the Heavens,

While we can feel there yet is high communion
Between fallen man and pure angelic natures.

Could but the sceptic feel the thrilling power
Of chastened fancy at a time like this,
Surely the blush of shame would tinge his cheek.
Would not the deep emotions of his soul
Prove that high soul immortal? Can it be
That we should have such glimpses of a light
Not of this world, if we are ne'er to see
The fulness of its glory? Can the man
Who feels the restless workings of a mind
Aspiring after knowledge, think that earth
Can limit the expansion of his soul?
No, he must deem that there will come a time
When all shall be unfolded—'tis a proud,
An elevating thought—Oh, who would doubt?

1824.

TO ———.

There's a cloud on the mountain, a mist on the lake ;
Is not this a warning the storm soon will break ?
Though the sun on the meadows is still shining clear,
Yet the wild winds are sighing, the tempest is near.

There's a shade on thy brow, and a tear in thine eye
Seen through the long lashes that over it lie ;
And though on thy lip is the bright beaming smile,
Yet sad thoughts are hid in thy bosom the while.

The sun's brilliant beams have dispersed the dark cloud,
And no longer the mist the lake's bosom doth shroud,
Oh ! thus let the smile on thy lip ever glow,
Til its brightness has driven the shade from thy brow.

Aye, changes may pass over nature's sweet face,
And smiles may the gloom of the countenance chase ;
But when sorrow has long made its home in the heart,
Oh ! where is the light that can bid it depart ?

STANZAS.

“ The early grave
Which men weep over, may be meant to save.”

Byron.

Weep not for those
Who sink within the arms of death,
Ere yet the chilling wintry breath
Of sorrow o'er them blows ;
But weep for them who here remain
The mournful heritors of pain,
Condemned to see each bright joy fade,
And mark grief's melancholy shade
Flung o'er hope's fairest rose.

Nay, shed no tear
For those who soundly, sweetly sleep ;
They heed not the cold blasts that sweep
Across their lowly bier ;
But weep for those who see the cloud
Of misery youth's bright heaven enshroud ;
And view the flowers that deck life's path
Fall dry and sear.

Dread not the tomb—
To those who feel that youth survives
The joys that youthful fancy gives,
It wears no face of gloom.
It is a quiet, peaceful home
For those who through life's desert roam ;
A place for wearied ones to rest,
Where o'er the painful, care-worn breast
Spring flowers may bloom.

WILLIAM TELL ON THE MOUNTAINS.

“ Yet, Freedom ! yet, thy banner torn, but flying,
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.”

Childe Harold.

Once more I breathe the mountain air, once more
I tread my own free hills—e'en as the child
Clings to its mother's breast, so do I turn
To thee my glorious home. My lofty soul
Throws all its fetters off: in its proud flight,
'Tis like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing
Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon
With eye undazzled.—Oh ! ye mighty race,

That stand like frowning giants, fixed to guard
My own proud land, why did ye not hurl down
The thundering avalanche, when at your feet
The base usurper stood ? A touch, a breath,
Nay, e'en the breath of prayer, ere now has brought
Destruction on the hunter's head, and yet
The tyrant passed in safety.—God of Heaven !
Where slept thy thunderbolt ?

Oh ! Liberty,
Thou choicest gift of heaven, and wanting which,
Life is as nothing, hast thou then forgot
Thy native home ; and must the feet of slaves
Pollute this glorious scene ? It cannot be !
E'en as the smile of heaven can pierce the depths
Of these dark caves, and bid the wild flowers bloom,
In spots where man has never dared to tread ;
So thy sweet influence still is seen amid
These beetling cliffs : some hearts yet beat for thee
And bow alone to heaven : thy spirit lives,

Aye, and shall live, when e'en the very name .
Of tyrant is forgot. Lo ! while I gaze
Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow,
The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes
A crown of glory on his hoary head:
Oh ! is not this a presage of the dawn
Of freedom o'er the world ? Hear me, thou bright
And beaming heaven ! while kneeling thus, I swear
To live for freedom or with her to die.

WILLIAM TELL IN CHAINS.

What ! does he think that bonds can chain the mind ?
That dungeon air can taint the spotless soul ?
Fond fool ! let Gesler wear his princely pomp,
If he would know the weight of real chains ;
And learn that, to the base and crouching slave,
All earth is one wide prison house. In vain
They shut me from the blessed light of Heaven :
They cannot dim the inward ray that sheds
Such brightness on my spirit.—I have dwelt
Upon the lofty mountain tops, and held
High converse with the elements, and gazed
Upon the sun, until his very beams

Became as 'twere a language ; shall I seek
To win the smile of princes ? I have watched
The storm-clouds gather round the snow-capped cliff,
And, in the rolling thunder, heard the threat
Of an offended God ; shall I bow down
Before the wrath of tyrants ?—never, never !
When thou canst tame the eagle down to wear
The jesses of the falcon, or canst yoke
The lion to the humble steer, then hope,
Proud Gesler, to behold the brow of Tell
Bending before thy footstool.

NOTE.—The first of these two pieces was written after seeing Macready's personation of William Tell ; and the second after seeing Inman's admirable picture of that distinguished actor as William Tell in chains.

STANZAS.

“ Or sai tu dove e quando questi amori
Furqn creati e come.”

Dante.

I loved thee—not because thy brow
Was bright and beautiful as day,
Nor that on thy sweet lip the glow
Was joyous as yon sunny ray ;
No ; though I saw thee fairest far,
The sun that hid each meaner star ;
Yet 'twas not this that taught me first
The love that silent tears have nursed.

Nor was it that thine every word

With stores of intellect was fraught,

With eloquence each heart that stirred,

With deepest feeling, holiest thought ;

Nor thy sweet voice, whose witching spell

Like music on my spirit fell,

Rich as the notes the mellow horn

Breathes when o'er moon-lit waters borne.

But I beheld the dark'ning stain

Of tears becloud that beaming eye,

And marked thy bosom's secret pain

Find utterance in the struggling sigh :

Then too, like some neglected lute,

My young heart's sweetest chords were mute :

No hand had ever touched its strings

To wake its blissful murmurings—

Was it not then just fit to be

Roused by the touch of sympathy ?

Yes, thine the touch that first awoke
The hidden music of my heart ;
Thy hand the chain of silence broke,
And bade it love's sweet tones impart :
And now could even beauty wane
Till not one noble trace remain ;
Could genius sink in dull decay,
And wisdom cease to lend her ray ;
Should all that I have worshipped change,
E'en this could not my heart estrange ;
Thou still wouldst be the first, the first
That taught the love sad tears have nurst.

A SKETCH.



—— “The heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness.”—

Byron.

One arm around her silent harp was flung ;
Her brow was bending o'er it, and its chords
Were twined with her dark tresses : wrapt in thought
She stirless sate ; but when the soft breeze fanned
The ringlets from her cheek, a glow was seen
Like the rich hue that decks the Florence rose ;
And the sweet smile that hovered round her lip
Was bright as April sun-light ; in her eye
Was hope with sadness blended, as if joy
Had been so long a stranger to her heart
That now she scarce dared welcome it. She spoke,
And the low accents of her voice were sweet

Yet melancholy as the moaning wave :
‘ Affection wins affection’—“ were not these
The blessed words he uttered ?—Yes, my heart
While yet with life it throbs, can ne’er forget
How like the fresh’ning dews of heaven they came,
Waking new hopes, renewing faded dreams
And thrilling all my frame with sudden joy”—
She paused, while her light fingers touched the harp
And woke a low and plaintive prelude, then
Again she murmured—“ Oh, had not the eyes
Of strangers been upon us in that hour
Of new-born hope and happiness, methinks
I would have touched my harp and thus replied,
When he exclaimed,” ‘ affection wins affection :’

Mine own beloved, believest thou aught of this ?

Oh ! then no more

My heart, o’er early faded dreams of bliss,

Its wail shall pour.

Give me this hope, though only from afar

It sheds its light,

And, like yon dewy melancholy star, -

With tears is bright.

Let me but hope a heart with fondness fraught,

That could not sin

Against its worshipped idol, e'en in thought,

Thy love may win :

Let me but hope the changeless love of years,

'The tender care

'That fain would die to save thine eye from tears,

Thy heart may share.

Or let me hope at least that, when no more

My voice shall meet

The ear that listens only to think o'er

Tones far more sweet ;

When the kind shelter of the grave shall hide

 This faded brow,

This form once gazed upon with pride,

 With coldness now :

When never more my weary steps of pain

 Around thee move,

When loosed forever is life's heavy chain,

 Love will win love.

TO ———



Thou art amid the festive halls,
Where beauty wakes her spells for thee ;
Where music on thy spirit falls
Like moonlight on the sea ;
But now while fairer brows are smiling,
And brighter lips thy heart beguiling,
Thinkest thou of me ?

Fair forms and faces pass thee by
Like bright creations of a dream,
And love-lit eyes, when thou art nigh,
With softer splendors beam :
Life's gayest witcheries are round thee ;
But now while mirth and joy surround thee
Thinkest thou of me ?

THE DYING YEAR.

The dying year ! how are those few words fraught
 With images of fading loveliness !
How do they fill with dreams of saddened thought
 The heart that sighs o'er all that once could bless !
They fall with mournful sound upon the ear,
The knell of something we have long held dear.

Thou frail and dying year ! ah ! where are now
 The charms that have in turn been all thine own ?
The Spring's young bloom, the Summer's ripened
 glow,
The Autumn's mournful splendor all are gone ;
And thou art sinking in oblivion's wave—
Would that the griefs thou gavest might there too find
 a grave !

Aye, years may pass ; but yet time's rapid flight
Would be unheeded, were it not he flings
A cloud o'er all youth's hopes and fancies bright—
Alas ! he bears upon his shadowy wings
Darkness, distrust, and sorrow ; while the mind
Pines 'mid the gloom to which it is consigned.

Thou dying year ! hast thou not swept away
Joys dearer far than any thou hast left ?
Have we not seen our hopes with thee decay ;
Felt ourselves almost desolate and reft
Of all the fairest, brightest things of earth ?—
Have we not turned away sick of the world's vain mirth ?
Have we not prayed that thou wouldst quickly fleet,
When we were sunk in sorrow's deepest gloom ?
Have we not learned each coming day to greet,
Because it brought us nearer to the tomb ?
And thou *hast* fled, and with thee has past
The strong, deep misery that could not last.

Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves behind

A deep impression e'en when she departs ;
While joy trips by with steps light as the wind,
And scarcely leaves a trace upon our hearts
Of her faint footfalls :* only this is sure,
In this world nought save suffering can endure.

Yet thou art a kind monitor ; and we

In thee may trace the progress of our lives :
My spring time is yet new ; I ne'er may see
The summer ; and the fruits that autumn gives
For me may never ripen—o'er my brow
Ere then the grass may rustle.—Be it so !

1825.

* The reader will easily recognize here one of Henry Neele's beautiful thoughts.

STANZAS.

“None such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o’er what they love while sleeping.”

Byron.

He slumbered ; and unseen I gazed
Upon his gentle brow ;
The eye where so much brightness blazed,
Was closed in darkness now ;
And yet its glories scarce were hid
Beneath that soft and shadowy lid.

He slumbered ; and his lip might seem
A young pomegranate flower,
Ere yet the sun had stolen the sweets
Of morning’s dewy hour —
Oh ! words from other lips were nought
Compared with what his silence taught.

He woke—I started at the blaze
From 'neath his eyelid's veil ;
And felt before his earnest gaze
My lofty spirit quail ;
Till love's sweet softness dimmed the pride
Of splendors which it could not hide.

He woke ; and o'er his glorious lip
A smile so lovely stole,
Like music from an angel harp
It thrilled my inmost soul :
Oh ! if in sleep that face was fair,
Think what it was when smiles were there.

Then blame me not ; say not 'tis sin
To deem that form divine ;
The noble mind that dwells within,
Is worthy such a shrine ;
And when I worship *him* I bow
Only to virtue's fairest brow.

THE MAIDEN TO HER REJECTED
LOVER.

My heart is with its early dream ; it cannot turn away
To seek again the joys of earth, and mingle with the
gay :

The dew-nursed flower that lifts its brow beneath the
shades of night,
Must wither when the sunbeam sheds its too resplen-
dent light.

My heart is with its early dream ; and vainly love's
soft power

Would seek to charm that heart anew, in some un-
guarded hour.

I would not that some gentle one should hear my fre-
quent sigh :

The deer that bears its death-wound turns in *loneliness*
to die.

My heart is with its early dream ; I cannot now forget
get

The phantasy whose faded light illumines my spirit yet :
The summer sun may sink at once beneath the western main,
But long upon Heaven's dark'ning brow the clouds his
light retain.

My heart is with its early dream ; yet there are moments still
When, like a pulse within my soul, I feel joy's transient thrill ;
For never can I hear unmoved the words of friendship spoken :
The blast that rends the wind-god's harp, may leave
one string unbroken.

STANZAS.

“ I did love once
As youth, as woman, genius loves.”

L. E. L.

Oh ! knowest thou, dear one, the love of youth
With its wayward fancies, its untried truth ;
Yet cloudless and warm as the sunny ray
That opens the flowers of a summer's day,
Unfolding the passionate thoughts that lie
'Mid feelings pure as an angel's sigh ;
Till the loftiest strength of our nature wakes
As an infant giant from slumber breaks :
Oh, knowest thou, dear, what this love may be ?
In earlier days such was mine for thee.

Oh, knowest thou, dear one, of woman's love
With its faith that woes but more deeply prove :

Its fondness wide as the limitless wave,
And chainless by aught than the silent grave ;
With devotion as humble as that which brings
To his idol the Indian's offerings ;
Yet proud as that which the priestess feels,
When she nurses the flame of the shrine while she
 kneels :

Oh, knowest thou, dear, what this love may be ?
Such ever has been in my heart for thee.

Oh knowest thou the love of a poet's soul,
Of the mind that from heaven its brightness stole,
When the gush of song, like the life-blood springs
Unchecked from the heart, and the spirit's wings
Are nerved anew in a loftier flight
To seek for its idol a crown of light ;
When the visions that wake beneath fancy's beam,
But serve to brighten an earthly dream :
Oh, knowest thou, dear, what this love may be ?
Such long has been in my heart for thee.

Oh, tell me, dear, can such love decay
Like the sapless weed in the morning ray !
Can the love of earlier, brighter years
Be chased away like an infant's tears ?
Can the long tried faith of a woman's heart
Like a summer bird from its nest depart ?
Can affection nursed within fancy's bowers,
Find deadly herbs 'mid those fragrant flowers ?
Oh ! no, beloved one, it cannot be :
Such end awaits not my love for thee

Youth's pure fresh feelings have faded now ;
But not less warm is love's summer glow ;
Dark frowns may wither, unkindness blight
The heart where thou art the only light ;
And coldness may freeze the wild gush of song,
Or chill the spirit once tameless and strong ;
And the pangs of neglected love may prey
Too fatally, dear, on this fragile clay ;
But never, Oh ! never, beloved, can it be
That my heart should forget its deep fondness for thee.

SPRING BREEZES.

Ye joyous breezes, I trace your way
O'er the meadows decked in their bright array :
The flowrets are bending your steps to greet ;
New blossoms are springing beneath your feet ;
While the rosebud her freshest fragrance flings,
And woos ye to rest your wearied wings.

But on ye pass—for no charm ye stay—
Still onward ye hold your gladdening way.
Your breath has rippled the mountain stream,
And a thousand suns from its surface gleam ;
Your voice has wakened the wild bird's note,
And fragrance and melody round ye float.

Ye joyous breezes, still on ye go ;
Your breath is passing o'er beauty's brow ;
Your wings are stirring her radiant hair ;
Your kiss is brightening her cheek so fair ;
And the innocent thoughts of her heart rejoice
With the mirthful tones of your wild sweet voice.

“ Though flowers may gladden our path to day,
When to-morrow we come, they are passed away ;
And the cheerful smile, and the rosy hue,
From the cheek of beauty have faded too ;
And our gentle whispers no more impart
A feeling of joy to her youthful heart.

“ Is our path then marked by so much of mirth ?
Alas for the folly and blindness of earth !
Is there not mingled a voice of wail
With the sweetest tones of the young spring gale ?
If like infancy's joyous laugh we rise,
Pass we not onward like manhood's sighs ?

“ We but do the will of our master here,
Our joy is found in a holier sphere :
We are born in Heaven, can our purer breath
Pass mirthfully over the fields of death ?
And what is earth with its transient bloom
And fading charms, but a flower-decked tomb ?”

SONG OF MORNING.

I come, I come from the fields of light ;
My herald-star chases the shadows of night ;
The dew of the evening lies thick on the grass,
Still gemming the pathway my footstep must pass :
While the wild-flower joyously raises its head,
And breathes its rich sweets 'neath my echoless tread.

O'er gardens just waking from slumber I fling
The perfumes of Heaven from my noiseless wing ;
My breath is crisping the silent lake,
Till its gentle wavelets in brightness break ;
And the soft air is mingled with music and glee
By the song of the lark and the voice of the bee.

But man who alone of all creatures, may raise
To the glories of Heaven his uplifted gaze—
Is joy in *his* heart ; does delight fill *his* eye
When he sees my glad footsteps in brightness pass by ?
Like the song of the bird and the bee, does his voice,
In the pride of new life and new vigour rejoice ?

Oh ! no ; for too often my earliest glance
But rouses his soul from sleep's bright-visioned trance ;
And coldly he turns from the sweet dreams of night
To the splendors that waken with mornings glad light ;
And the sunbeam small pleasure to him can impart,
When it wakes to new sorrows his slumbering heart.

How often has burst forth the weariful sigh,
As the bloom and the freshness of morning came by
Outshining the light of the student's pale lamp,
But chilling the ardour no darkness could damp,
While with loathing he looks on the glorious ray
That calls him from intellect's treasures away.

How oft have the sweets of my perfumed breath
Fanned the clustering locks on the forehead of death,
And played in the folds of the snow-white vest
That encircled the form for the earth-worm dressed,
Till it seemed to the mourner's bewildered eye
As if moved by the life-pulse again strong and high !

And they who in dreams, see the gentle smile
That never their waking thoughts more shall beguile :
The broken in health, and the wearied in heart—
Oh ! joy they not rather to see me depart ?
And smile they not more at night's gathering gloom,
Since another day brings them more nigh to the tomb ?

THE FAREWELL:

“ It was a peasant girl’s, whose soul was given
To one as far above her as the pine
Towers o’er the lowly violet.”

L. E. L.



Go, dearest one ; nor think my heart will ever breathe
a sigh
Because it never now can share thy glorious destiny.
My love has never sought reward ; 'twas joy enough
for me
To pass my life in loneliness and cherish thoughts of
thee.

While yet a child, I freely gave affection's untold
wealth;

Since then I've known the swift decay of hope, and
joy, and health,

And murmured not at Heaven's decree; though thus
of all bereft;—

How could I mourn? whilst *thou* wert mine a world
of bliss was left.

Though other ties may bind thee, dear; though we
are doomed to part;

Yet still it is not sin to hide thine image in my heart;
So pure, so holy was the spell which love around us
cast,

That even now I would not wake, although the charm
be past.

And in thy memory by-past days will leave their gentle trace ;

Not all the fondness of a wife those bright tints can efface.

Her lot may be of happiness beyond stern fate's control ;

But *I* have known a purer joy—*the union of the soul.*—

Farewell, beloved one, when thy brow the laurel crown shall bind ;

And when adoring crowds shall own the sovereignty of mind ;

Then think of one who looks on thee with more than woman's pride,

And glories in the thought that she has been *thy spirit's* bride.

L I F E .

When Hope's fairy fingers are straying
O'er the chords of the youthful heart,
And fancy in prospect displaying
The bliss that new years may impart ;
When sweet feelings are ever up-springing,
And the pulses all joyously beat ;
When each day a new pleasure is bringing,
Oh ! then indeed life is most sweet.

When the torch of affection just lighted,
Burns bright on the altar of truth,
Ere the cold, selfish world yet has blighted
One innocent feeling of youth ;
When earth seems a garden unfading
Where flowers spring around our glad feet ;
When no cloud our bright heaven is shading,
Oh ! then indeed life is most sweet.

When the cold breath of sorrow is sweeping
 O'er the chords of the youthful heart,
And the youthful eye, dimmed with strange weeping,
 Sees the visions of fancy depart ;
When the bloom of young feeling is dying,
 And the heart throbs with passion's fierce strife ;
When our sad days are wasted in sighing,
 Who then can find sweetness in life ?

When unkindness, or coldness has faded
 The pure, hallowed light of true love,
And the mists of the dark earth have shaded
 The dreams that o'er young spirits move ;
When earth seems a wide waste of sorrow
 No longer with bright blessings rife ;
When we look but for clouds on each morrow,
 Who then can find sweetness in life ?

THE FADED PASSION FLOWER.

Aye, keep the flower ; 'tis faded now,
And all unmeet to deck thy brow ;
But though of beauty thus bereft,
How much of sweetness still is left !

Aye, keep the flower ; and if it grieves
Thy heart to see its faded leaves,
Forget it ever was more fair,
And think its fragrance still is there.

Aye, keep the flower ; another eye
Might heedless pass the blossom by ;
But will it not far dearer be
When wakes its perfume but for thee ?

Aye, keep the flower ; and shouldst thou seek
An emblem of my faded cheek,
Thou'lt find it there—from Heaven's own light
Came both its beauty and its blight.

Aye, keep the flower ; and it may seem
An emblem of my bosom's dream ;
Joy's brilliant hue not long could last ;
But when, oh ! when shall Love be past ?

THE END.







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